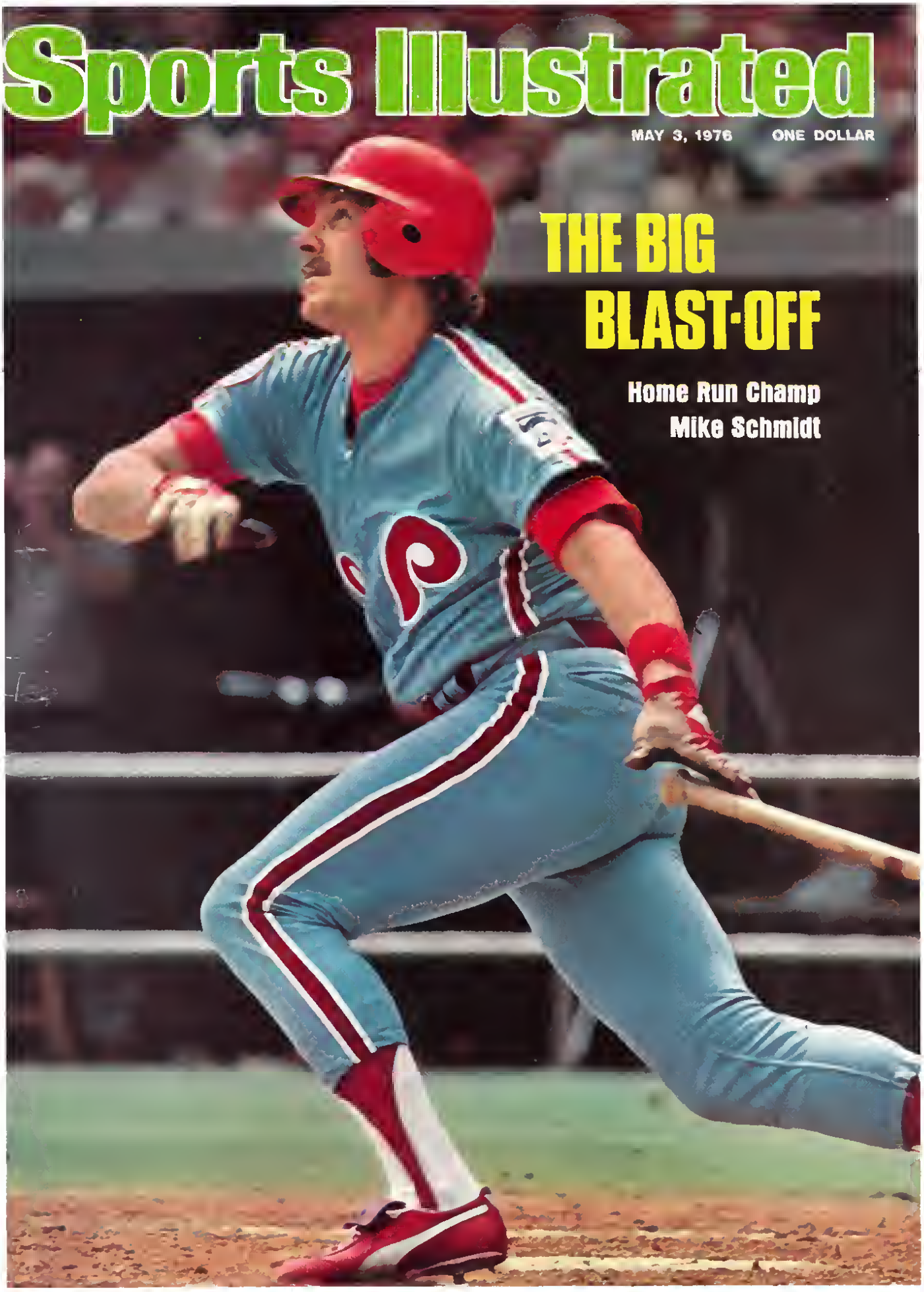

Sports Illustrated
MAY 3, 1976
ONE DOLLAR
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Home Run Champ
Mike Schmidt



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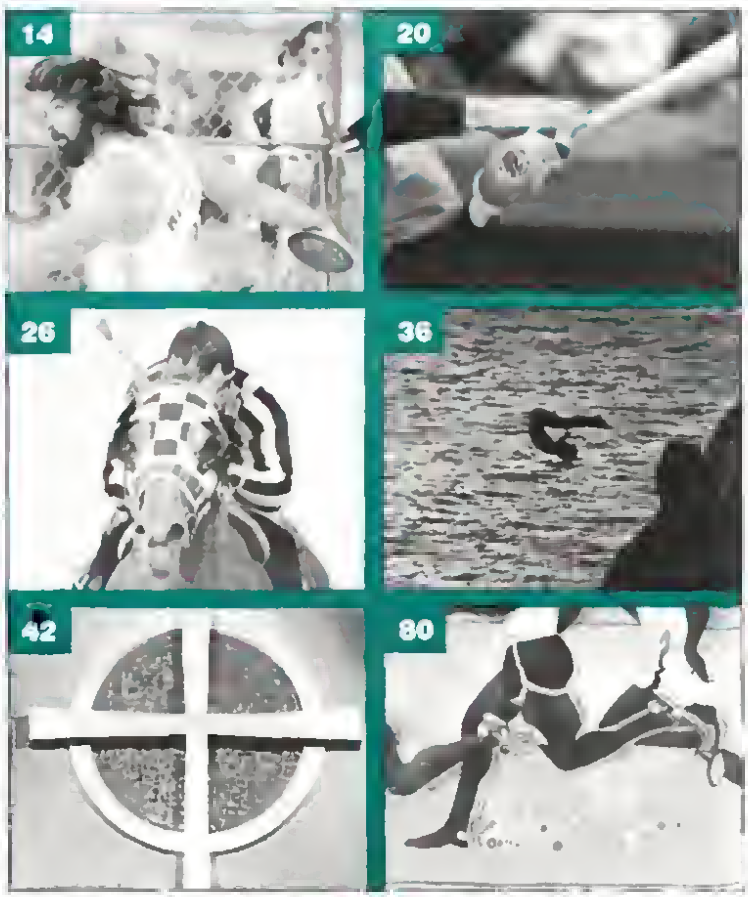
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CONTENTS

MAY 3, 1976 *Volume 44, No 18*
Cover photograph by John Iacono



14 First Fling at Montreal
Amid the masses at the Penn, Drake and Mt SAC Relays, Olympic hopefuls stood out
by Pat Putnam

20 It's a Clout or an Out
Phillie Mike Schmidt and Met Dave Kingman are leading again in homers—and whiffs
by Larry Keith

And Now the Derby
26 *The bizarre could occur, writes William Leggett, when two hot horses hook up*
28 *Artist Bernard Fuchs portrays the day, and writer Ernest Havemann its dominion*

36 But Don't Make Waves
Sam Hernandez thinks he's the world's top cliff diver, but can't prove it
by Sam Moses

42 Reaching for the Stars
The preachers to the pros are mod, their sermons stirring—especially on game days
by Frank Deford

80 Watching Their Steps
A group of world-class distance runners became guinea pigs in the name of science
by Kenny Moore

The Departments

11 Scorecard
63 Baseball
70 Hockey
76 Tennis
93 For the Record
94 19th Hole

Credits on page 93

Next Week

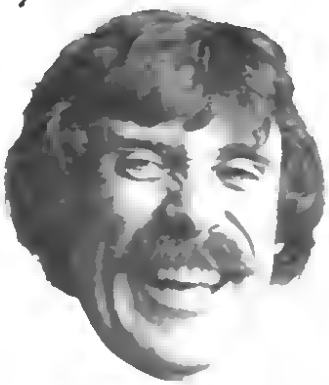
A TACTICAL GEM is expected at the Kentucky Derby with Braulio Baeza on Honest Pleasure pitting wits against Angel Cordero on Bold Forbes over 1¼ miles. William Leggett reports the duel.

A COMPLEX MAN is bubbly Vic Braden, psychologist, teacher and stand-up comic. Frank Deford attends Braden's California tennis college and for his thesis profiles the iconoclastic professor.

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BOOKTALK

by FRANK DEFORD

THE AUTHOR OF 'JAWS' IS AT IT AGAIN, IN A SEA NOVEL WITH A BIT-PART SHARK

The Deep is one of those dreadful novels written periodically by the celebrated By The Author Of. The last time out, By The Author Of wrote *Jaws*, a saga of a shark and people. Alas, in this, his second novel, By The Author Of made one mistake. He wrote about people. As in *Jaws*, he does not write about people very adroitly, especially when they talk, and he does not know what to do with them except to lump them together on an old boat.

In *The Deep*, the people in the old boat do leave it constantly, but always for the ocean bottom. And then they go back up to the old boat. And then back down. Up and down, up and down, up and down. It is like watching an ABA playoff game. We are regularly submerged in the instructional ins and outs of diving procedures and apparatus, in a way positively calculated to enthrall all the *subscribers to Air Hose Monthly*.

The tale centers about America's sweethearts of the briny deep, David and Gail Sanders. They met at a Club Mediterranee dive-in, and are now on a gen-u-ine adventure. I kept thinking that if Nancy Drew and one of the Hardy Boys grew up and got married they would be just like David and Gail. By The Author Of heaps on the B-movie bromides. David and Gail are advised by a strange new friend about The Mysteries Of The Sea (egad, how long has it been since anyone dared tell us about The Mysteries Of The Sea"): "There's more mysteries hidden by the sea than you or I can fathom, and once in a while she unravels one, in her own time. But usually. . . ." Oh, never mind.

Let us say this for By The Author Of. In his effort to duplicate *Jaws*, he has not missed a trick: Bermuda (as in Triangle), drug traffic, voodoo, great treasure and finally (unable to contain himself any longer) an economy-size shark, which makes an obligatory appearance in Chapter VIII, rather like Alfred Hitchcock appearing in his own film. And, for the *Mandingo* crowd with no place to go, there are a couple of scenes where the bad black guys torment plucky Gail. Will the air hoses be cut? Will the real big eel attack? Will the compressor work? Up and down, up and down. In the end, having not a clue how to unravel this galloping tedium, By The Author Of kills everybody off but David and Gail. Of course, it is intoned, "the sea was unchanged."

Indeed there are many mysteries of the sea. This is not one of them. END

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DT Titleist's wound construction.

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SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

BASEBALL AND BEANBALL

Last week's beanball incident in St. Louis involving the Mets and the Cards is further evidence of the necessity for far sterner action to stem the tide of violence in sport.

This episode is particularly offensive because, ironically, Card Pitcher Lynn McGlothen did what pitchers rarely do: he admitted throwing at two Met batters, Outfielder Del Unser and Pitcher Jon Matlack, both of whom he hit.

While his honesty is perhaps appealing, his words are chilling beeause there is every reason to think other pitchers are doing the same thing—and have for years. McGlothen was suspended for five days and fined $300, stiff by baseball standards, a joke by any other.

The normally mild-mannered McGlothen was miffed because Unser had been hitting him—nine hits in 17 at bats last season and a first-inning homer in this game. Said McGlothen, "I just can't let a hitter like Unser keep banging on me. If a pitcher feels he has been intimidated by a hitter, he has the right to throw at him." No, he doesn't. It is clearly within baseball tradition for a pitcher to *brush back* a hitter who has been teeing off on him, but to intentionally *hit* a batter is a right not granted by God, Bowie Kuhn or Abner Doubleday. It's a dangerous and unpardonable tactic.

In two innings, McGlothen hit Unser on the elbow (Umpire Bruce Froemming thought that was an accident) before throwing one behind Matlack's head (Froemming warned McGlothen), then hitting him. This generated the obligatory bench-emptying tussle. Froemming blamed the rules for not allowing him to discipline McGlothen sooner. They require the umpire to issue a warning before he can eject a pitcher, the effect being that one warning does not serve notice on all pitchers in the game, an absurd restriction that encourages retaliation. A new rule should be enacted that permits an umpire to give one warning that covers all pitchers for both teams for the remainder of the game. Then, any pitcher deemed guilty of throwing at a batter could be ejected forthwith.

Predictably, McGlothen sees little wrong with what he did. "I expected the fine, but I didn't expect to be suspended," he said. "I think I'm the fall guy." Matlack didn't cover himself with glory, either, admitting that in an attempt to retaliate for Unser's being hit he threw at McGlothen. "I wish I'd hit him," Matlack said. It was at this point that, under the rules, Froemming gave his first warning of the night to Matlack. Had that warning also applied to McGlothen, it is unlikely Matlack would have been hit or that the fight would have occurred.

There could even be more at stake here than player safety. It's not unthinkable that the day will come when 50,000 people in a baseball stadium will erupt in violence, triggered by this kind of idiocy. The thought of such a riot should be enough in itself to stir top-level baseball people into action.

HAPPY GRASS

"What we've got out here," says Tom Liegler, manager of Anahcim Stadium, home of the California Angels, is "grass in the grass." In the lush three-acre outfield, there used to be a mixture of four varieties of grass—Merion blue, Newport blue, Bermuda and Prato. Now there are five, what with the introduction of marijuana.

The plants got there, says Liegler, after four rock concerts during which thousands of spectators sat on the grass. Make that the real grass. Anyway, as unlikely as it sounds, apparently one or two of the spectators were smoking marijuana. Spillage was blamed, and the weed, which is so hardy folks tell stories of how it grows in cement, thrived.

"At first we thought it was just weeds," says Liegler. "Later we found out we were right." Liegler ordered heavy spraying with herbicides, after issuing orders that nobody besides his trusted assistants was to work on the project—especially those who offered to work for nothing. The marijuana thrived.

The ultimate solution was to clip it off at about 1½ inches and that seems to be succeeding. The same cannot be said of the Angels, who are scarcely flying high with a 3-6 record at home.

SEEING IS UNBELIEVING

Racetrack people often exaggerate. A horse that starts quickly is said to "fall out of the gate"—implying it has the same gathering momentum as a safe dropped from a 20th-floor window. Often a horse that wins by more than one length is said to have "won by a city block."

This tradition of overstatement may explain a strange but wonderful comment by former jockey Johnny Sellers, an otherwise mild and cautious man, on ABC's telecast of the Wood Memorial. In relating why blinkers are put on some horses, Sellers said that the position of the horse's eyes—way out on the sides of the head—affords "practically 380-degree vision."



Since a full circle has only 360 degrees, does Sellers mean that there is an overlapping zone where the horse sees double?

One of his listeners was a New Jersey man who, sad to report, owns a horse known as a "fast quitter"—quick from the gate, likely to set the early pace, but prone to give up when another horse challenges.

He now believes he knows his horse's problem, thanks to Sellers: "As soon as another horse comes up behind him, he sees *two* horses. He thinks he might beat one of them but certainly not both of them, so he quits."

continued

EXPENSIVE VICTORIES

For all those horses who find running a bore about the time they get to the top of the stretch, one in the field often surprises its owner with a victory in a big race. At Florida's Gulfstream Park, winning owners got a second surprise this season when they discovered they also had won the privilege of paying for their own trophies.

When Honest Pleasure won the Florida Derby, owner Bert Firestone received $91,440—and a debit for $2,149.75 for the trophy. Hail The Pirates won the Gulfstream Park Handicap and $73,560—minus the silverware dun of $1,552. One irate trainer grumped that he would much prefer the money to the trophy.

Doug Donn, director of racing, insisted that it was all a result of bookkeeping error. What was supposed to have been done, he said, was to take $20 or so from the nominating fees paid by the owners of each horse named for a stakes race and pool it to buy the trophy. But in view of the bad press the whole deal got—and on the surface it did smack of chipping—Donn said the track would pay for all the trophies itself, about $8,000 worth this year.

Mistake or not, it clearly was an idea left standing backward in the starting gate.

CALLING THE SHOTS

Officials, referees and umpires at sports events are increasingly subjected to a full load of abuse. Sometimes, despite their whimpering, because they deserve it. Still, nowhere has the situation been more acrimonious than in tennis, where the 11 linesmen and an umpire work most championship events at rates ranging from $0 to $2 a day. The players tend to believe they are overpaid, considering the quality of their work.

A veteran umpire in the Washington, D.C. area, Norman Fitz, has been the subject of player harassment, including, he says, an obscene gesture this spring by Eddie Dibbs. "So long as the Nastases and Connorses continue to be top drawing cards and get away with ridiculing officials," says Fitz, "the other players feel a good imitation may work miracles."

Fitz thinks the solution is threefold: make all officials pass the new qualification test that was drawn up two months ago; reduce the number of officials from 12 to four or five professionals earning at least $20,000 each a year (World Team Tennis this year uses five officials per match at $25 to $40 per person); and raise the necessary funds by taking the dollars out of the promoter's pocket or, more likely, out of the prize money.

It's that third point that is sending players' rackets into the air in rage. Still, Fitz' idea is an innovative smash that not one player in 100 will admit hits the line. Which it does.

SARDINE SUMMER

Yvan Dubois, mayor of Montreal's Olympic Village, where the athletes will stay, describes it as "a place of residence where comfort, which is less important, will give way to a living humanism and continuous animation." Translation: Spartan and crowded.

Each two-bedroom apartment, for example, will house 12 athletes—two to sleep in the kitchen, four in one bedroom, two in the other and four in the living room. Many competitors will use communal toilets and showers at the end of the halls. But Olympic officials recommend that the athletes shower at the venues, because of an expected shortage of hot water in the village.

There will be only 980 apartments for an anticipated 12,000 participants; in Munich in 1972 there were 4,700 apartments for 10,500. And since there is only one elevator for every 1,000 athletes, they will be expected to use the stairs in the 19-story buildings, which would be of some benefit if mountain climbing were an Olympic sport.

But there is a silver lining to all this—or at least a cotton one. The athletes will get regular cotton sheets and pillow cases, the original idea of paper sheets and cases having been crumpled up and discarded.

TALK IS CHEAP

In the current hockey season, the Toronto Toros of the WHA compiled the worst record in the league (24-52-5) and blew $1½ million doing it.

The other day, club president John Bassett called a team meeting and asked the players to help in a telephone campaign to persuade season ticket holders to renew for next year—if there is one for the Toros. Stockholders meet in early June to decide the fate of the club. Bassett stressed two points: that the scheme is strictly voluntary and that the players' futures (average Toro salary is $55,000) are on the line.

It seems to be working. Superstar Frank Mahovlich (salary: $235,000 a year) is among the callers; so is Defenseman Jim Dorey, a former refrigerator salesman, who is terrific at peddling tickets. At week's end, pledges were in for 2,200 tickets (worth approximately $600,000) and the players were getting 85% affirmative answers. But some of the fans were attaching strings. One told Leftwinger Lou Nistico, "I'll buy if you get Mahovlich to call me so I can tell him what I think of him, which isn't much." Nistico promised.

Meanwhile, fans of the more successful NHL Toronto club have organized a drive *against* buying Maple Leaf season tickets to protest hooliganism in the sport. A citizens group handed out flyers reading, "Let's get back to real hockey so the whole family can enjoy the game."

FEAR REVISITED

Former baseball star Jackie Jensen's fear of flying (SI, April 12), which haunted his career as a major-leaguer, has precipitated another crisis in his crisis-filled life. He is now the baseball coach at the University of California, and the players say they are distressed because Jensen's phobia kept them from a trip to Hawaii to play. Not so, says Jensen, the reason was that it cost too much.

Anyway, the players protested and Athletic Director Dave Maggard, who will review Jensen's status later this month, said, "It was not a request to fire Jack but it came close."

The players (22 of the top 25 signed a petition) also complained about Jensen's lack of communication, along with his failure, they said, to teach them fundamentals and make them work hard enough. Jensen countered, "I consider college baseball an activity for the students to have fun."

THEY SAID IT

• Jud Heathcote, comparing the turnout of 50 reporters at his first news conference as Michigan State basketball coach with that at a press conference held when he took over at Montana: "He and I got along just fine."

• James Lovell Jr., chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, on what will happen if people don't exercise more and eat less: "I'm convinced that the last human sound on this continent won't be a bang, but a burp." **END**

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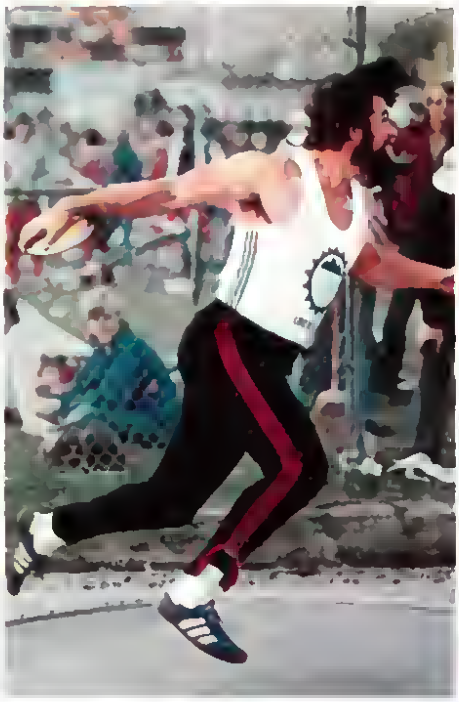
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A FIRST FLING







Tuning up for the Olympics at the Penn, Drake and Mt. SAC Relays, U.S. hopefuls gave some nifty performances—including one shattering throw

by PAT PUTNAM

One of our Olympians, Shotputter Al Feuerbach, sat in the press box last Saturday afternoon and watched a cold rain falling on the 4,570 entrants in the Drake Relays at Des Moines. "If I wasn't such a dummy," he said, "I'd be out there freezing and getting soaked with the rest of those dummies." The former world-record holder shifted his heavily muscled legs and winced. Earlier in the week, while fooling around in an impromptu 50-yard dash, he had pulled both his hamstrings. "I guess it's like the old joke about shotputters," he said. "A guy says, 'I heard you shotputters were big and dumb. But you don't look so big.' " But April is turning into May of an Olympic year, and there are few world-class athletes who can find any humor in even a suspicion of an injury.

There were three big relay meets last week, and when they were over, the hale had turned in some hearty performances. Mac Wilkins set a world record in the discus and Canada's Debbie Brill upset American record holder Joni Huntley in the women's high jump (6′ 2¾″) at the Mt. SAC Relays in Walnut, Calif.; Marty Liquori ran the 5,000 in 13:33.6—fast enough to convince himself that what everyone had been telling him is correct; and the University of Tennessee 800 relay team tied the world record (1:21.5) at the Penn Relays in Philadelphia; and even on the sodden field Feuerbach was viewing, competitors like Decathlete Bruce Jenner, Sprinter Harvey Glance and Distance Runner Francie Larrieu

continued

Mac Wilkins whirled what turned out to be an overweight—but legal—discus (lower right) for a world record in Walnut, Calif.

AT MONTREAL









Decathlete Bruce Jenner figured he was as "unexciting" as necessary with 8,250 points.

had excelled. Still, it was obvious that our Olympic hopefuls are at a stage where they are competing against the clock and the tape measure and will be worrying about winning later.

Four years ago Ralph Mann finished second in the 400 intermediate hurdles at Munich. He had run a 48.51. At Des Moines he ran just strongly enough to beat Nolan Cromwell by a head. Mann's time was 50.1. "At this point if I had to go one-tenth of a second faster to win I wouldn't have," Mann said. "In April of an Olympic year you aren't looking to set records. Or to tear up muscles."

Adding emphasis to Mann's statement was the fact that the field for the Drake Relays had lost some of its glamour because of injuries and fear of injuries. Among the scratches were Frank Shorter (5,000, ankle), Mark Winzenried (800, ankle) and, of course, Feuerbach. Also missing was 400 hurdles favorite Jim Bolding (a death in the family).

Shotputter George Woods, twice an Olympic silver medalist, agreed with Mann. It was Woods' first competition since February of 1975. He arrived in Des Moines late Saturday morning, finished a sopping second with a toss of 63′ 4¾″ and was on a plane back to St. Louis that evening. "With Feuerbach dry in the press box and me cold and wet on the field, I wasn't quite as psyched as if it had been Montreal," Woods said dryly.

Earlier in the week, before the rain, Jenner scored 8,250 points to win the decathlon. That is 274 points under his world record. "Two days from now that Russian ['72 gold medalist Nikolai Avilov] will know what I did here," Jenner said. "The point total won't get him excited. That's the way I like my competition . . . unexcited."

Mann and his wife Jackie arrived at Des Moines two days before his race. He and Feuerbach had been named to the Drake Relays Hall of Fame, and Mann had been designated as grand marshal for Saturday's parade.

"I was second choice for marshal," Mann said. "Rumors I hear say they went after Rin Tin Tin first. Two years ago they had Ronald Reagan. I guess they want a dog every other year."

Last week the 26-year-old Olympic veteran finished his dissertation in biomechanics at Washington State. Next month he'll receive his doctorate. Between the dissertation and training, he found himself crisscrossing the country for job interviews. Sleep had become a luxury. "Right now I've only got two worries," he said. "One is falling asleep during the race. The other is making sure the rain doesn't fall on my parade."

With Bolding out of the race, Mann's only competition was Cromwell, a wishbone quarterback for the University of Kansas who only lately discovered that he can run over hurdles as well as people. Cromwell should be used to late discoveries. Two seasons ago he was a defensive back. Then Bud Moore arrived from Alabama as the new head football coach and began searching for a big, strong-running wishbone quarterback. Exit 195-pound Cromwell from the defense. About the same time, after a brief fling in the 440 dash, he discovered the intermediate hurdles.

"This is only my second season as a hurdler," Cromwell said before Friday's race. "I don't know if I'm in the same class with Mann." He laughed. "Still, I'll take Montreal if it comes."

At the moment, his schedule seems self-defeating. Each afternoon the 6′2″ strongboy spends an hour in spring football drills. He then works another hour and a half at track—as well as hurdling he also runs the leadoff leg for the Kansas mile-relay team.

In the last few weeks Cromwell had won the hurdles at both the Texas and Kansas Relays, but, as he pointed out, Mann hadn't been there.

When they met at Des Moines on Friday, Mann was away strongly. But at the

Francie Larrieu ran away from a soggy 1,500 field and then won the 800 "just for fun."

200-meter mark Cromwell made his move and took a surprising lead. "He's an animal," Mann said later. "I was jogging along in the fourth lane, making faces at him, hoping he'd take it easy. He just growled at me and burned. But I knew if I could just get over that last hurdle I could catch him."

They both cleared the final hurdle cleanly, with Cromwell coming down a step in front. With 10 meters to go, Mann drew even, then pulled ahead to win. He tried to congratulate Cromwell for having run a fine race. "He's . . . he's nasty," Mann said, laughing. "I kept saying nice things and he kept snarling, so I followed him around telling him how good he looked. Boy, is he intense. His head will be burned out before we get to the trials if he doesn't learn when to relax. But he's the best young prospect I've seen in six years."

The other major race on Friday was the invitational 800, matching Rick Wohlhuter, the world-record holder in the 880, Mike Boit and Mark Enyeart, last season's half-mile newcomer sensation. A week previous Wohlhuter and Boit had run in a 1,500 at the Kansas Relays, with Wohlhuter winning, but Wohlhuter wasn't letting himself be lulled by that victory. During their careers he and Boit had met 13 times at two-lap distances and Boit held the edge 7-6. Said Wohlhuter, undefeated this year, "Mike had to run a couple of races before that 1,500 in Kansas. He's tough, and that defeat won't bother him."

A senior at Eastern New Mexico, Boit

continued



THE SHORT AND THE LONG OF IT

by JOE MARSHALL



Steve Williams is aiming to burst a bubble.

Last Saturday morning Steve Williams, the world's No. 1 sprinter, lay in a narrow bed in a narrow room at the University of Pennsylvania. Outside his window a loudspeaker was announcing the results of the first races on the final day of the 82nd Penn Relays, but although Williams was scheduled to run three times later that day—two relay legs and his specialty, the 100-meter dash—his mind was wandering ahead to July and the Olympics. Asked what he hoped would happen in Montreal, he replied, "What I would like to achieve is human excellence."

The idea stirred him and he sat up. "If I really cleaned up my technique, I could do something in running like Bob Beamon did in jumping," he said.

"My coach for the last year, Brooks Johnson [of the Florida Track Club] is into physics and biomechanics, and he saw six major mistakes I was making. For instance, my feet were landing in front of my center of gravity. It was like a braking action. I would momentarily stop after each stride." Williams carefully detailed each of the other five mistakes, leaving the impression that forward motion had been somewhat beyond his ken before the arrival of Johnson. "I was running at 30% efficiency, but I've corrected most of the mistakes now."

"The 100 meter is a big bubble these days," says Johnson. "It's pregnant with 9.9s [the world record] and ready to burst."

Naturally, Johnson thinks that Williams, who has run more 9.9s (four) than anyone else, will be the man to burst that bubble. Last Friday, while watching relay races from the stands at Franklin Field, he described how that could happen. "If Steve's already in control of the race here," he said, pointing to a spot on the track about 30 yards beyond the starting line, "he could break the record. People say he has a bad start, but that's been overplayed. It's just a matter of when Steve decides to catch people."

For a moment in Saturday's race Williams looked as if he might fashion a masterpiece. At the 30-yard mark he held a slight lead. But there he stayed for 30 more yards, before burning away from the field to beat one of the world's best sprinters, Steve Riddick, by two yards. The unofficial scoreboard registered 9.8, but the loudspeaker quickly disappointed the crowd with the announcement that the race was wind-aided. Then, minutes later, the announcement came that the official time was 10 flat.

Earlier in the meet much of the attention had focused on Marty Liquori, who ran a fine 13:33.6 to win the 5,000 Thursday night. Following his race he was asked why he had shaved off his beard and mustache, and although his reply was made in a jesting tone, it offered insight into how seriously Liquori is taking the 1976 Olympics. He said he didn't want to make the same mistake Frank Shorter had made. Shorter had run in the '72 Olympics with a mustache and now that it is gone no one recognizes him. "The way you look up there," Liquori said, and one had to assume that "there" meant on the victory stand, "is the way people remember you for the rest of your life."

Clearly the 26-year-old Liquori is going for gold. The problem is he can't decide what it is he wants to be remembered for. At the Penn Relays he still refused to commit himself to either the 1,500 or the 5,000.

Listen to him as of last Thursday: "I have to assume that everybody runs the best race of his life in Montreal and then assess where I have the best chance. I don't have the kick I used to have but I'm stronger. In a slow 1,500 with a kick at the end I'm at a disadvantage to Filbert Bayi or John Walker. My potential at this stage and age is greater in the 5,000. I'm more confident of a bronze medal in the 1,500, but in the 5,000 I could finish anywhere from sixth to first."

As the meet drew to a close, Brooks Johnson was once again seated among the spectators, this time looking back at the 100 meters. He had just sent his prize pupil onto the track where a moment later Williams would run a superb 44.7 split in a 1,600-meter relay. "Steve may be too concerned with technique," he said. "The best thing I can do now is back off. There's a time when you have to let genes and chromosomes take over. And Montreal is getting that close."



Mike Boit left Rick Wohlhuter with a race to remember.

FIRST FLING *continued*

won the bronze medal in the 800 at Munich. He promised a fast 800 for the Drake. "I like to run like Bayi," said the 27-year-old Kenyan, "I like to run fast and in front. Otherwise it's easy to get boxed in. If you do, the faster people escape and then it is too late."

True to his word, Boit jumped to the lead, took the field through a slower than expected quarter, and then waited for Wohlhuter to make his move. The slim Chicago insurance salesman came at the Kenyan going into the last turn.

"I saw him coming," Boit said, "but I knew he wouldn't try to pass me on the turn. I waited until the straightaway and then kicked before he did." Boit finished in 1:46.2, Wohlhuter in 1:46.6 and Enyeart, never a factor, was ninth.

"I let the first quarter go too slowly," said the disappointed Wohlhuter. "But maybe this will help. I guess I won't see him again before Montreal. When I do, I'll remember this race."

Saturday morning broke wet, windy and cold. Francie Larrieu sat at a window table of a downtown Des Moines hotel coffee shop. She was having breakfast and watching Mann and his parade pass on the street outside. Mann was in the lead car, a maroon Eldorado convertible. For the first few blocks the top of the car was up. Tired of trying to wave at the crowd through a window, Mann ordered the driver to lower it. Then he stood in the rain and began waving to the people along the street.

The convertible, thoroughly soaked, passed a squad of small boys standing on a corner. One of them shouted, "Get that car out of the way. We wanna see the clowns."

"Hey," Mann yelled at the driver. "Put the top up, it's raining."

Larrieu had ordered two cups of tea, a bowl of oatmeal and a quarter section of honeydew melon and said that she heard the rain was scheduled to fall all day. "I don't mind that, but I hope it gets warmer," she said, "I can do all right if it isn't too cold."

She also had just discovered that there was a women's 800 on the schedule as well as the 1,500. She checked her airline tickets and figured that if she had a cab waiting after the race, she could run in the 800—an hour after the 1,500—and still make the airport in time for a flight to Los Angeles. "The 800 would be a fun race," she said.

Not too far away, in the hotel lobby, George Woods, too, was thinking about the rain. "It's kind of risky to waste yourself on a meet like this," he said. He shrugged his massive shoulders. "But I guess I have to start somewhere."

It was early in 1975, after finishing third at the AAU indoor championships, that Woods decided to take the rest of the year off. "I just didn't have it," he said. "I didn't feel like putting out any effort. I spent my time experimenting, in building up my antagonistic muscles. It was good for my speed but I found it hurt my timing. It has only been in the last two or three days that I've hit upon a pattern of throwing that feels comfortable."

MULTIPLE MAC'S

Last Saturday afternoon at the Mt. SAC Relays at Mt. San Antonio College in Walnut, Calif., a pleasant southerly breeze was blowing through the open-ended stadium as 6'4", 260-pound Mac Wilkins moved into the ring to make his first throw in the final round of the discus event. He and his rivals would be throwing toward the southeast, meaning that the zephyrs amounted to a lovely "quartering wind" from the right that would tuck in under their spinning missiles and perhaps nudge them a little farther along.

As Wilkins uncorked his toss, the PA announcer was giving his all to the final leg of an 880-yard high school relay, and the discus landed almost unnoticed by the diverted fans. Finally, the PA blared that Mac Wilkins had thrown the discus "69.18 meters!"

Silence in the stands. Who even knows how tall he is in meters, much less that 69.18 of the things equals a new world record? Down on the field, however, Mac Wilkins was being mobbed. At last, the announcer informed the crowd that the bearded giant from San Jose, Calif. had set a world record of 227 feet, breaking John Powell's mark by



It rained all over Ralph Mann's parade but

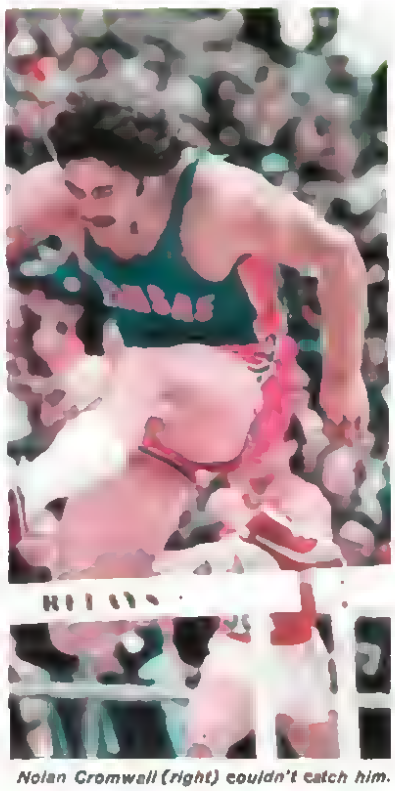
SINGULAR HEAVE

four inches. There was warm well-after-the-fact applause, as Wilkins nervously watched officials reweighing his discus, which turned out to be two ounces heavier than the required four-pound, six-ounce weight.

Wilkins, 25, and now competing for the Pacific Coast Club, was known as Multiple Mac when he threw the javelin, shot, hammer and discus as a somewhat gangly 210-pounder at the University of Oregon. Since then he has added weight on a brew of potatoes, tomatoes, soybean extract and whole mackerel that he and his college roommate, decathlete Craig Brigham, invented. But as he grew, a chronic elbow injury forced him to drop the javelin, and now a recently bruised collarbone has prevented him from training for the shot, an event in which he has thrown 68' 4½" indoors.

Did his discus record indicate he had peaked too early for the Olympics? "No way," Wilkins said. "I really didn't feel that good. They were just going far today. It was more of a power throw. I think my technique is catching up with my athletic ability. It's not there yet, but it's getting there."

—JOE JARES



Nolan Cromwell (right) couldn't catch him.

Two weeks ago in an exhibition at the University of Illinois, Woods put the shot 65' 9". He was just trying to determine his condition. He liked the way the test turned out.

"You can't do much this early," he said at Des Moines. "In this country we have a system where you have to peak for the Trials and then try and hold it for a month. The Olympics become almost anticlimactic. That hurt us all at Munich. And anytime you have to live with Brian Oldfield for two months, it's got to hurt you. I think he knew he couldn't beat Al [Feuerbach] or me so he was trying to wear us down. We should have turned him loose on the Russians or the East Germans. He was our secret weapon and we used it on ourselves."

That off his mighty chest, Woods watched Larrieu win the 1,500 in 4:18.8. Madeline Manning Jackson finished seventh, but an official, missing the sixth-place finisher, thought it was Jackson.

"Who do you run for?" he asked her.

"I run for Jesus," she said.

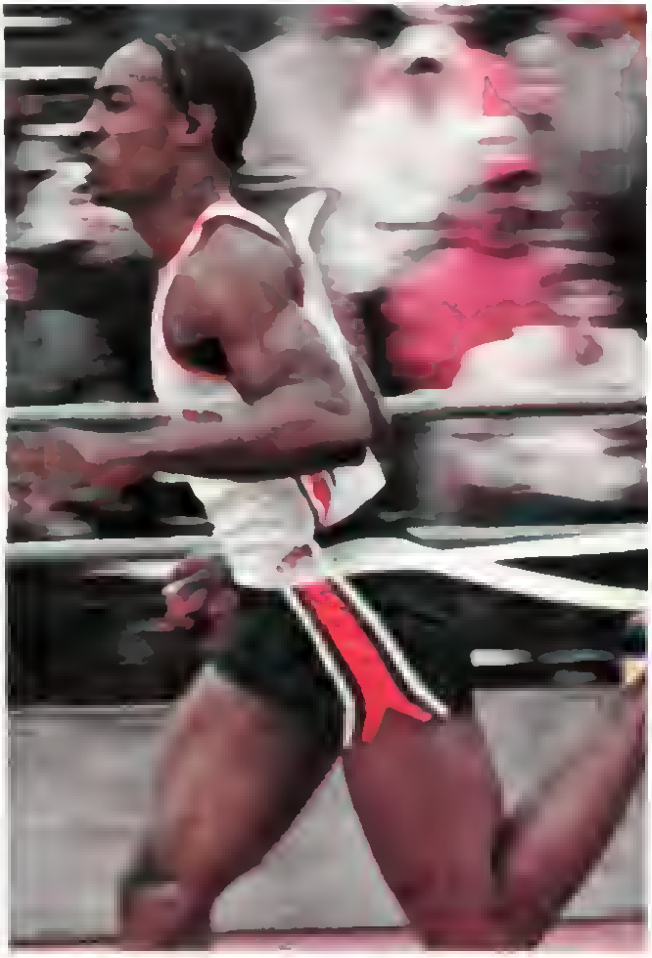
"What?"

"For Jesus," she repeated, turning and showing him the back of her gold uniform. It read: "RUNNING FOR JESUS." She smiled. "But I don't think you want me; I think you want that girl over there." She pointed to another runner.

Meanwhile, Francie was asking officials if she could run in the 800. "Why not?" they said. And an hour later, she won in 2:08.7, Jackson having passed up her specialty. Then Larrieu took off for the airport. "I thought it was just for fun," Francie said on the way out, "but I couldn't help myself."

In the cold driving rain, no one really expected much from the sprinters. "I don't mind it," said Ivory Crockett, the 27-year-old co-holder (with Houston McTear) of the 100-yard world record of 9.0, "but it's got to be a warm rain. Anybody runs too fast in this weather has got to be crazy."

In the blocks next to Crockett was Harvey Glance, the 19-year-old freshman from Auburn who may be one of the world's most unusual athletes. For one thing, he is only 5' 8" and 145 pounds but can bench-press 305 pounds. Even more amazing, the youngster from Phenix City, Ala. can jump on top of a Volkswagen from a flat-footed start. His coach, Mel Rosen, is sure that someday Glance will not only be a great sprinter (in April, at Columbia, S.C., he became the eighth man ever to run 100 meters in 9.9), but also a world-class long jumper.



Harvey Glance looked sharp in the 100 at Des Moines.

At Des Moines, Crockett and Glance were just about even at the halfway mark. And then, *pfft*, Glance was gone. He won in 10.1. Crockett, who never really got into high gear, finished third, behind Mike Goodrich, in 10.3.

After a few more events the relays were over. The rain was still falling. Equipment bag in hand, Ralph Mann came down from the stands and onto the track. Slowly he pulled on a pair of spiked shoes and began to work out. For him and so many others there are still a lot of lonely miles between the end of April and Montreal. END

IT'S EITHER A CLOUT OR AN OUT

Those premier power whiffers, Phillie Mike Schmidt and Met Dave Kingman, are off and swinging again. Each has had a torrid homer streak, including Schmidt's four in one game, and a ton of strikeouts **by LARRY KEITH**

Mike Schmidt of the Phillies dug his sneakered feet deep into the thick shag carpet, cocked an imaginary bat alongside his curly, reddish hair, stepped into an imaginary pitch and unloosed his home run swing. There was no *crack*, no *sock*, not even a cheer from Schmidt's wife Donna as the imaginary ball sailed across his comfortable den, through the glass door, past the terrace, over the swimming pool and into the vast green valley below. "When I was a kid I always tried to crush the ball," said Schmidt, who is 26, as he followed the flight of his make-believe homer. "I guess I'm still trying."

And succeeding.

And failing.

It is the personal purgatory of a home run hitter that success very often is a hit or miss proposition. The same hard, full cut that can send the ball into the distant bleachers can also send the hitter back to the dugout with his bat in his hands. It is his doing and his undoing.

This season, baseball's premier power whiffers, Schmidt and 6′6″, 210-pound Dave (Kong) Kingman of the Mets, have been striking home runs and striking out at prodigious rates. While no one else in the National League has more than six homers and 11 strikeouts, Third Baseman Schmidt and Rightfielder Kingman already have nine and seven of the former and 15 and 21 of the latter. The strikeouts flow steadily; the home runs usually come in headline-making bunches. Kingman clouted six in a five-game stretch to take an early lead in the major league home run race, a contest he narrowly lost to Schmidt last season. But Schmidt overtook Kingman in a hurry. During a tear that extended into last week, he smacked seven in four games, including four straight during one windy afternoon in Chicago. In the history of baseball only three other players had accomplished that. The last National Leaguer to do it was the Boston Braves' Bob Lowe in 1894.

Characteristically, neither Kingman nor Schmidt had been hitting well before their hot streaks began. In 15 previous at bats, Kingman, who is 27 and has a .226 lifetime average, had hit one homer and two singles and had struck out six times. Schmidt, a .248 career batter, was 3 for 18 with one home run and nine strikeouts. Then, in successive visits to Wrigley Field and Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium, they started connecting—high, long and often.

"When you get in a groove like that the ball looks twice its normal size," says Kingman. "Other times it comes up to the plate looking like a golf ball. It

Schmidt, the National League's homer champ the last two seasons, is greeted by teammates after hitting his seventh in a four-game stretch.



doesn't matter how you feel, either. You can feel great and not hit a thing, then feel lousy and hit it out." Schmidt says the ball looked bigger to him, too, and that he was making perfect contact because he was in one of those elusive stretches when his swing is perfect. For both, when they hit the ball it stayed hit. During their streaks they struck out 12 times and had only two hits besides the home runs—a Schmidt single and a Kingman double.

The two sluggers erupt that way every so often, perhaps to prove they are still alive and playing. Kingman had 13 homers last July, Schmidt countered with 12 in August. To opponents, their streaks seem even more torrid than they are, because Schmidt and Kingman are not in the business of hitting cheap home runs. There are few players, if any, who can match them for distance. Kingman smashed a drive of more than 600 feet off the Yankees' Catfish Hunter in spring training last year that both New York teams still talk about. "I could have chopped that up into 35 singles," says Mets First Baseman Ed Kranepool.

Two weeks ago Kingman blasted a shot that Chicagoans believe was the longest ever hit at Wrigley Field. Estimated to have gone 650 feet on the fly, it carried over the left-field bleachers, across Waveland Avenue and down a side street. After landing, the ball bounced a couple of times before crashing into the side of a house. While Kingman was still circling the bases, the residents of the house poured out on the front porch to see who was knocking at their wall. Schmidt has not belted one that far in 1976, but he is well remembered in Houston where a couple of seasons back he stroked a ball off the Astrodome speaker, which is 117 feet above the field.

"Dave's style is to swing hard in case he hits it," says Kranepool. "When he's connecting, the only way to defense him is to sit in the upper deck. I've never seen anybody hit the ball farther."

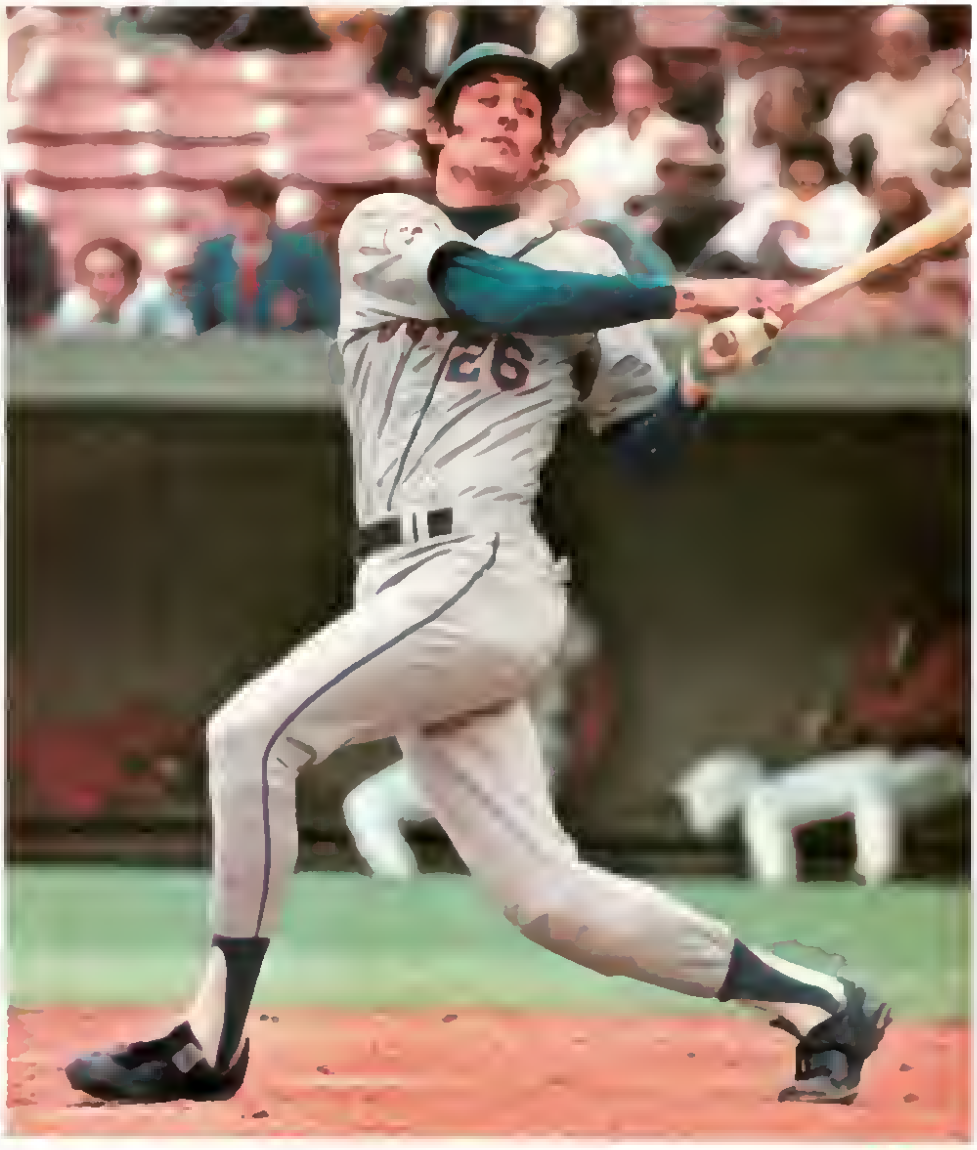
The Phillies feel the same way about Schmidt. "Mike wants to hit it all the way out of the stadium, not just 330 feet over the outfield fence," says Shortstop Larry Bowa. "With his swing, he can hit 20 accidentally."

Schmidt and Kingman have always been power hitters with a tendency to short-circuit. Entering this season (Kingman's sixth and Schmidt's fifth), both had struck out once every three at bats and homered every 15 or 16. This means they are more likely to hit a home run than Willie Stargell, Dick Allen, Reggie Jackson or Frank Robinson—but also are more likely to strike out. In fact, Kingman has a higher homer frequency than Henry Aaron, and Schmidt a higher whiff rate than Mickey Mantle, who holds the career record for strikeouts.

Although both are overanxious overswingers, the 6'2", 195-pound Schmidt at least has a thorough knowledge of the strike zone. He drew 101 bases on balls last year while leading the National League in homers (38) and strikeouts (180) for the second straight season. His .249 batting average was the lowest by a National League home run champion in 23 years and approximately 20 points below the 1975 average for all the nonpitchers in the league. Kingman was even more inconsistent. Although he smacked a team-record 36 homers and led the league with 20 game-winning RBIs, he batted only .231 and had 153 strikeouts and just 34 walks. "Schmidt is much more controlled," says St. Louis Reliever Al Hrabosky. "You can set Kingman up to swing at bad pitches, but you have to throw strikes to Schmidt."

Kingman's problem is compounded by his awkward appearance at the plate—he resembles a very tall man falling from a very short tree. He leans, he reaches, he stumbles. Even though his output is only slightly better, Schmidt presents a more classic figure, and he knows it. "Kingman wants to hit it out on every swing," Schmidt says disparagingly.

continued



Kong Kingman is so ape over homers that he often overswings and awkwardly strikes out.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN IACONO

"He's not gonna hit for average—ever."

To give him his due, Schmidt can be equally hard on himself. Lounging in his new house in West Berlin, N.J. last week, he said, "I don't like to give pitchers much credit. I figure that 99% of the times I fail it's because of lousy hitting, not good pitching. I *know* that I shouldn't take a long stride and a big swing. I *know* I should just try to meet the ball. I *know* I hit most of my home runs last year with two strikes on me, when I was protecting the plate because I was scared I would strike out again. But knowing these things doesn't always help. Sometimes when the pitcher lets the ball go, your mind goes blank. You just see the ball and you react the way you've trained yourself. The adrenaline starts flowing and you try to hit it a country mile to left field. It's really stupid, but that's the way it is."

Schmidt, who had been simulating good and bad swings as he talked, excused himself to get a bat. "Here, I'll show you what I mean," he said, stepping out onto the terrace.

He took his stance, visualized a low fastball out over the plate and took an all-out rip at it. "There, that's as hard as I can swing," he said. "But 90 times out of 100 I won't even make contact with a swing like that. I maybe have one chance in 100 to hit it out. So why do I do it? If I were my manager, I'd fine myself $100 every time I pop up and give myself $100 every time I get a ground-ball hit."

Indeed, Philadelphia Manager Danny Ozark has reacted to Schmidt's hot-and-cold performances by dropping him from third to sixth in the batting order. "He'll stay there until he cuts down on his strikeouts," Ozark says. Schmidt agrees that "180 strikeouts is a ridiculous number. No one with good hand-eye coordination like mine should strike out that much. This is what makes them so hard to take. I do so many things well that I can't understand why hitting a baseball is so difficult. I've got to find what it takes to make me do what I know I have to do."

In some ways Kingman is more realistic than Schmidt. He is much less analytical—and much more private—but he admits, "I don't think I'll ever hit for average. I'm not unable to do it. I'm just not that type of hitter. I could choke up, punch the ball and almost totally eliminate strikeouts, but I wouldn't hit any home runs. And that's what I'm paid to do, to hit homers and drive in runs." Despite this sober assessment, Kingman insists that his strikeouts will decrease. "I am confident there will be noticeably fewer this year," he says. "I'm really concentrating on that. I'll always have the same swing, but I have the experience and the maturity now that I did not have before."

So far Kingman is striking out as much as he ever has—as is Schmidt—and he merely seems to be reiterating what he has said for years, that he definitely will improve his home run-strikeout ratio. It was Kingman's failure to back those claims with deeds that prompted the Giants, for whom he played his first four seasons, to ship him to the Mets last year for the bargain price of $125,000. New York General Manager Joe McDonald would like to believe he found a Steuben vase at a rummage sale. Says McDonald, perhaps wishfully, "Defensively, Kingman has taken a bad rap. He isn't a deficit at all." And when Kingman, a fast runner who has stolen four bases in five attempts this season, bunted for a hit during a game in St. Louis last week, McDonald saw it was proof that he was becoming "the complete player Dave has told me he would be."

Kingman could start by altering his please-help-me-I'm-falling batting style. Convincing him to do this is no easy task, because he is acutely sensitive to criticism. "We take great pains to keep Dave from getting down on himself," McDonald says. "Phil Cavarretta has been a good batting instructor for him because he's very low key and doesn't try to force him into things."

The ideal instructor for Kingman, psychologically at least, would probably be someone like Lou Brock of St. Louis, who manages to hit for average despite a strikeout problem. Brock says, "You shouldn't alter your swing to avoid striking out. An out is an out, no matter how it's made. If you have to make one, do it with your best stroke. You can't give in one bit."

While this might satisfy Kingman, it does not appeal to Schmidt, a better all-round player who stole 29 bases last season and finished second in the Gold Glove voting for National League third basemen. "I figure that 80 fewer strikeouts would have given me 20 more hits last year—and probably four more homers," he says. "And who knows how many times I might have advanced a runner with an out or gotten on because of an error?"

Schmidt proved his point in a game against Atlanta last week. Hitting the ball on the ground four straight times, he reached base three times on an infield hit and two errors. The same night in Houston Kingman was going 1 for 3 and striking out once.

"At a very early age you find out what kind of player you are," Kingman says. "I have always preferred seeing four home runs to watching a no-hitter. I'd rather see Willie Mays hit than Sandy Koufax pitch." The player he admires most is Willie McCovey, who played first base for the Giants when Kingman came up from the minors and is now concluding his career in San Diego. "McCovey was a home run hitter who didn't strike out," Kingman says. "What else can you ask for?"

On the other hand, Schmidt seems to be a frustrated singles hitter. On the day he hit four home runs, he used a bat that belongs to punch-hitting reserve Infielder Tony Taylor, which is an inch shorter and an ounce lighter than the one he normally wields. And Schmidt envies the peace of mind that he is sure Cub Bill Madlock, the National League's batting champion, must enjoy. "Madlock probably has no idea of the frustrations I experience," Schmidt says. "He just goes up there and gets base hits. Guys like him don't have to think. They just react." Guys like Schmidt keep plaques in their dressing stalls that ask, WHO CAN THINK AND HIT AT THE SAME TIME?

While Kingman says he would like to lead the league in homers and RBIs, Schmidt, having accomplished the one and come close to the other, has a different ambition. "Pitchers aren't afraid of me," he says. "I'm a dangerous hitter, but I'm not a good hitter. I want to intimidate the pitcher, make him squeeze the ball when he sees me standing up there. I make a lot of money and live in a nice house because I hit home runs. But deep down I want to bat .340 some year."

Ironically, he feels he has made some progress by hitting so many homers recently. "It's helping me gain more confidence. I hope I can put it to use and get more hits. If I had settled for a few more singles up the middle last year we probably would have won the pennant. And by doing that I probably would have hit a few more homers. It's a freaky thing, but then baseball is a freaky game."

For power whiffers like Kingman and Schmidt it is the freakiest. **END**

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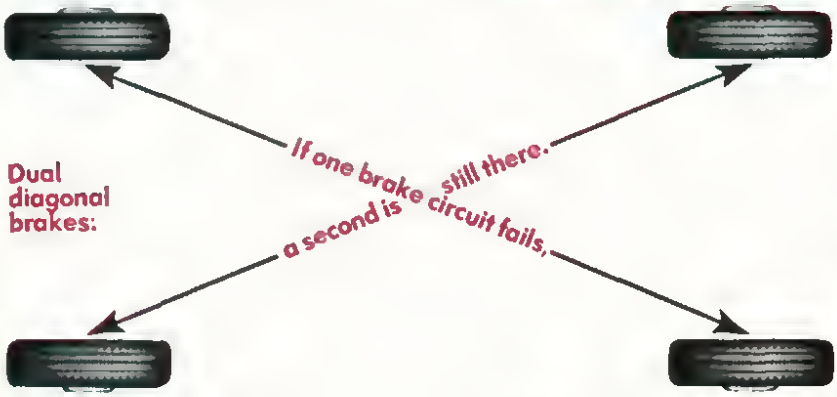
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In 1953 Native Dancer (2 to 3) suffered
his solitary defeat



Secretariat (3 to 2) was the
fastest ever in 1973

Judger (3 to 2) was
a bust in 1974, running eighth







Hill Rise (7 to 5) lost out
by a neck in 1964

In 1972 Riva Ridge
(3 to 2) outran 15 opponents.



And now it is Honest
Pleasure's turn

Bold Ruler (6 to 5) was
fourth in 1957, but reigned at stud



NICE TO BE THE DERBY FAVORITE, BUT...

Mighty Honest Pleasure faces not only a quality race-alike front-runner, Bold Forbes, at Churchill Downs this weekend, but also some upsetting Derby history

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Honest Pleasure, meet Bold Forbes. Bold Forbes, this is Honest Pleasure. It is odd that the two have not met before somewhere along the line. Fascinating that they now come together in the Kentucky Derby, the biggest, zaniest, roughest, best-attended, most widely watched and celebrated animal act this country has to offer. Its conditions have been constant for 80 years: 1¼ miles for 3-year-olds over a demanding racetrack. In 1973, when they were born, there were 27,292 thoroughbred foals. Last February 250 of them were nominated for the Derby. But by 5:40 this Saturday afternoon that number probably will be reduced to eight. Honest Pleasure and Bold Forbes have scared off the rest. Those two are a little scary in their own right. Their running styles are so similar, virtually so unalterable at this stage of their lives, that one—and maybe both—may have to be picked up with a sponge by the time the thing is over.

Since early last September Honest Pleasure has won nine straight races, seven of them major stakes. He has beaten 71 opponents and bankrolled $50,461 for each minute of competition. In his two most recent races he paid mutuel prices of $2.10 and $2.20 for winning the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park and last Thursday's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland. Both of those prices were the minimums dictated by state laws, but the actual odds on Honest Pleasure were 1 to 20 and 1 to 18. *The American Racing Manual* shows that at comparable stages of their careers, Man o' War, Citation, Count Fleet, Native Dancer, Tom Fool and Secretariat were never bet down to odds so low.

Until three weeks ago most racing people had "put a ring" around Honest Pleasure's name, virtually conceding the Derby to him. On April 17, however, Bold Forbes ran off with the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, thrusting his head into the Derby picture and adding a great deal of zest to what was shaping up as little more than a walkover. And the 102nd Derby is like none of recent vintage, because the top two contenders, at least on their past performances, come out of the starting gate in full flight, daring their opposition to come after them. In short races each has been in front by as many as 10 lengths at the top of the stretch, their jockeys seemingly doing little more than polishing rearview mirrors. Yet each horse presents a rating problem to his trainer and jockey.

Neither Honest Pleasure nor Bold Forbes has ever been out of the money. Honest Pleasure has won 10 of 12 starts, and his two losses were by a total of a length and a quarter. Bold Forbes has won 10 of 13 and has never run worse than third. In his last two races, the Bay Shore and the Wood, Bold Forbes won by a total of 12½ lengths. LeRoy Jolley, the trainer of Honest Pleasure as well as last year's Derby winner, Foolish Pleasure, gives certain indications that Honest Pleasure can be rated and does not have to run in front of his field. Laz Barrera, the trainer of Bold Forbes, suggests the same for his horse. Nevertheless, such talk should probably be dismissed as little more than shedrow coffee housing until actual Derby riding instructions are given by the trainers to Braulio Baeza (Honest Pleasure) and Angel Cordero Jr. (Bold Forbes).

Depending upon how Derby Day bettors feel about Bold Forbes, a Kentucky bred, the odds on the Florida-bred Honest Pleasure should be no higher than 6 to 5. They might well go as low as 4 to 5, or even lower if the big crowd at Churchill Downs feels as strongly about him as the crowds did at the Florida Derby and the Blue Grass. He is likely to be the first odds-on Derby favorite since Native Dancer in 1953. That shrewdly named gray son of Polynesian and Geisha was beaten in one of racing's most momentous upsets. But then, very strange things have happened in Kentucky Derbies, particularly to favorites. Although 45 of 101 favorites have won, history cautions us to keep an eye peeled for the unexpected.

Back in 1880 only five horses went to the post. Kimball was made the 3-to-5 favorite, only to lose to Fonso, a 7-to-1 shot. "This Derby," the official chart says, "was run in

A cautionary selection of prime Derby choices surrounds the wonder colt of 1978. Four of these six chalk horses were defeated.

continued

dust many inches deep, and the dust kicked up by the leading horse [Fonso] practically obscured the nearest pursuers." There was a foul claim against the winner, but, as usual in Kentucky Derbies, it was disallowed. The next year the fabled "Gambling Dwyer Brothers" reportedly bet $50,000 on their own colt Hindoo in order to win $1,000. Hindoo was chased at one time or another by each of his five opponents, yet drew off to win by the comfortable margin of four lengths.

Proctor Knott was made the 1-to-2 favorite to win in 1889 and "became a wild horse at the barrier, broke away twice to gallop more than an eighth of a mile, almost unseated his rider during several spectacular lunges." Nevertheless, Proctor Knott had a five-length lead down the backstretch. The finish? He lost by a nose to Spokane. Many spectators thought the judges were looking at the finish cross-eyed, but Frank James, Jesse's brother, liked their decision immensely. Frank had walked up to a bookmaker before the race and asked the odds on Spokane. "Ten to one," said the book, "and the sky's the limit." James handed over a roll of bills and said, "There's $5,000. As far as I'm concerned that's the sky." James thus won $50,000, while Proctor Knott, who may have been the actual winner, earned $300 for placing.

The biggest bet ever recorded in a Derby was made in 1919 by J.K.L. Ross—$250,000 on Sir Barton, a horse that had never won in six starts and did not have a race as a 3-year-old until Derby Day. Sir Barton led every step of the way at odds of $2.60 to $1 and won by five lengths en route to becoming the first Triple Crown champion. Horse and owner came to unusual ends. In 1937 Sir Barton died at the U.S. Army Remount Service ranch in Douglas, Wyo. Ross was buried at sea off Montego Bay in 1951 after gambling away more than $10 million.

Native Dancer lost to Dark Star because a 45-to-1 shot, Money Broker, roughed him on the first turn. It was the only loss in The Dancer's 22-race career and Dark Star, who had won by a head, paying $51.80, never won another race. The shortest-priced favorites since 1940, Count Fleet and Citation ($2.80 each), both went on to win the Triple Crown. So did Whirlaway, the highest-priced winning favorite, in 1941.

Because this year's top two are both the speed and the class of the Derby, speculation about strategy is intense. Should Honest Pleasure allow Bold Forbes to steal off to a long lead, then stalk him and try to dispatch him through the 1,234½ feet of the Churchill Downs stretch, one of the longest in the U.S.? The odds say yes, because it is 5 to 1 against any horse leading a Derby from start to finish. (The last horse to do so was Riva Ridge in 1972.)

The trainers of the other likely starters, Elocutionist, Play the Red, On the Sly, Inca Roca, Amano and Cojak, probably will let Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure go off by themselves, hoping they soften each other up by the head of the stretch. But history tells them, also, to beware. In the last 70 Derbies the winner was either first or second going into the stretch a remarkable 61 times.

The notion of Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure running head to head for 1¼ miles is bizarre. Or is it? In 1891, Kingman, ridden by the legendary black jockey Isaac Murphy, was made the 1-to-2 favorite to defeat a field of three opponents. As it happened, all four jockeys had been given the same instructions, and after a quarter of a mile they were yoked. "They were traveling like cavalry," the chart says, "side by side, nose and nose, each jockey waiting for the other to set the pace and none doing it. Each rider had orders to stay back for about a mile, and whenever one horse moved a little to the front, his rider restrained him, and the others restrained theirs, too." The Derby was contested that year, as it was for its first 21, at 1½ miles, and the four horses reached the 1¼ mile mark in 2:26¾. If they had been running with Secretariat in 1973—he was the only Derby horse ever to break two minutes—the four starters of 1891 would have been 135 lengths to the rear. Ultimately, Kingman won the race by a length.

So far as can be ascertained, only once in recent years have two horses run 1¼ miles head to head in a major race—in the 1962 Travers at Saratoga. Jaipur was on the outside, Ridan on the inside and they did it all the way around with Jaipur, under Willie Shoemaker, winning by a nose.

Honest Pleasure's victory in the Blue Grass confused a lot of people, because the colt ran down the backstretch under restraint, with his mouth wide open and his head twisting up and down and sideways. It was certainly not Baeza's best ride, but he can be a very cagey man. "Why was Honest Pleasure's running time so slow [1:49⅖ for 1⅛ miles]?" he was asked after the race. "Because," Baeza said, ' the Kentucky Derby is next week." At the end of February, when Honest Pleasure demolished a Flamingo field to win by 11 lengths, Baeza was asked how many Kentucky Derby winners he had ridden. "One," Braulio said, then paused before adding, "so far."

FIRST SATURDAY, MAY

Bernard Fuchs, the artist whose impressions of Derby Day begin on the opposite page with a view of a solitary morning workout, is an occasional bettor. He was $50 ahead last year at Churchill Downs coming up to the last race. Shunning Sketch Maker as "corny," Fuchs put the 50 on Holloway's Misteke, one Tom Holloway being his agent. That was Fuchs' mistake. Sketch Maker paid $25.80. Fuchs went back to the drawing board.


JACK
LOSES
OAM





In early morning all is calm as handlers and horses go about their time-honored activities, but the pulse quickens as the jockeys, those tiny giants, enter the saddling enclosure, mount up and follow the red-coated outriders onto the track.









A DAY TO TIPTOE THROUGH THE JULEPS

Far more than the horse's day of days, the first Saturday in May makes Bourbons of the people, uniting them in a freshly minted celebration of today's equine heroes and yesterday's heroics **by ERNEST HAVEMANN**

For the horses, the Kentucky Derby means opportunity. They may not know it but it represents one of the big chances of a lifetime to become famous and admired—and to ensure a retirement of luxury and splendor, holding court to the finest broodmares in the land. Even in a nonvintage year the winner acquires a certain aura. His bloodlines, though perhaps regarded as unfashionable before the race, are thenceforth respected.

For the owners and trainers, the Derby suggests nervous breakdown. Honest Pleasure's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, is seriously thinking of starting a campaign to demand that this and the other Triple Crown races be held at noon. "Dragging them out until early evening is cruelty to humans," he says.

But what about the spectators, the fans? Is the Derby a horse race? Or is it a happening? Or a little of both? Certainly it is a happening. Though there will be many horse people and dyed-in-the-wool racing fans at Churchill Downs on Derby Day, there will also be a lot of spectators who never saw a horse race before and may never see one again. As at the World Series, some of the best seats will be occupied by prominent people who never turn out during the regular season and have only a vague idea of what the sport is all about.



Indeed, many of the spectators won't even see the race. Or, crowded into the infield or on the grandstand apron, they will catch only a brief glimpse as the horses speed past them, too fleeting to identify. To provide better vantage points for all the people who are irresistibly drawn to this annual springtime ritual, Churchill Downs would need stands around the entire perimeter of the track, like the dog courses in London.

But never mind. One need not see the race. One need not even have a taste for mint juleps. There is something about just being there, about being a part of thoroughbred history.

Before a festive infield crowd the top 3-year-olds, in bright array, give the big race all they've got.

I was last there in person in 1937 to see War Admiral win. That is, I *think* I saw him. I was standing on the apron along with what seemed to be jillions of other history lovers. The heads miraculously parted for an instant and I saw a brown streak over on the backstretch. The horse seemed to be in front. It just had to be War Admiral. Or so at least I will tell my grandchildren.

Every springtime since, I get the itch. Unfortunately, I always seem to be too busy in early May, frequently far from Louisville. I try to console myself with thoughts of the traffic, the parking problems, the standing in those long lines at the betting windows. Once I worked up some sour-grapes sort of statistics: there seems to be a 40% chance of rain in Louisville on Derby Day; there is a 17% chance the temperature will be below 60, pretty chilly for a long day in the open. One year the temperature was 42 *and* it rained. Wasn't I lucky to be among the missing?

But why try to kid myself? That cold rain pelted Derbygoers in 1948, the year the Calumet entry of Citation and Coaltown ran one-two on the sloppy track. I had seen Coaltown at one of the New York tracks and he was the fastest horse I had ever laid eyes on. Indeed, he may have been the fastest horse that ever lived, as far as he could carry his speed. I was rooting for him that day; I was sorry Citation passed him in the last quarter-mile. Still, Citation proved himself an even greater horse. I wish I could tell my grandchildren I was there.

But even on television the Derby is a happening. I've watched it in a living room in California, with a host who never had a bottle of bourbon in the house any other day of the year, yet lovingly fashioned mint juleps—and guests who knew nothing about horses or the South got all misty-eyed when the band played *My Old Kentucky Home*. I've watched the Derby in hotel lobbies, in company with strangers who just wandered in from the street to catch the race.

continued

GOLDEN BEAR

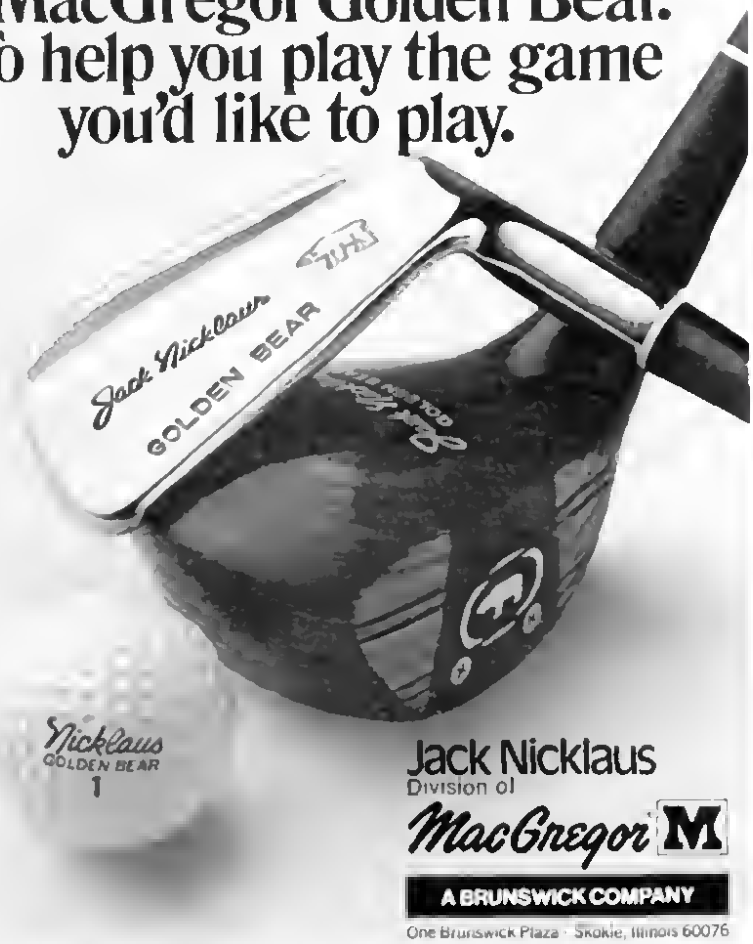


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While watching it I have held tickets in innumerable office pools. I sometimes marvel at how many of these informal mutuel pools there must be around the nation on Derby Day—at parties, in college dormitories, maybe even in garden club meeting rooms. Is my experience unusual, or as I suspect is the winner usually someone who on any other day of the year considers gambling foolhardy if not downright immoral and who has to be told which horse won the race?

The Derby is a happening all right. But it is also a horse race. Often a *great* horse race.

It has its critics, of course. Some of the racing writers have been knocking it for years. They say it comes too early in the year, before the 3-year-olds have had time to develop. They claim it is too far too soon. They like to point to the famous horses who never even ran in the Derby, like Dr. Fager and Wajima. Or the great ones that got beaten, like Bold Ruler and Round Table. Or the horses that emerged from total obscurity and won at big prices, like Proud Clarion paying $62.20 in 1967, or Canonero II as a member of a lowly six-horse mutuel field in 1971. Nonsense. Canonero may have been an unattractive yearling, knocked down for $1,200, but in the Derby he ran a terrific race. Even on TV he provided me with one of my great racing thrills.

There have been many memorable races, but Secretariat in 1973 was surely the most unforgettable Derby performer of all. After loafing along unperturbed for the first three quarters, Secretariat did something that can't be done. Just when a horse is supposed to get tired, he slipped effortlessly into high gear and ripped off the final two quarters in a brilliant $23\frac{1}{5}$, $23\frac{1}{5}$, every stride the same, never showing the slightest sign of fatigue. His final time of $1:59\frac{2}{5}$ was a new Derby and track record. Where does that leave the critics who say the Derby is too soon and too far for undeveloped horses? How many older horses, on their best day, could have run as well?

So far Secretariat has to be the best of all Derby horses. His record may stand for a long time, maybe forever. But the fascinating thing about the Derby as a horse race is that since it *is* a test for younger horses, you never know. Honest Pleasure, or some horse that manages to beat him, may be even better. Believe me, I'll be watching. Somewhere. **END**



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BUT DON'T MAKE ANY WAVES

Sam Hernandez found it takes more than skill and bravery to dive off the cliffs at Acapulco

by SAM MOSES



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

Sunrise softens the ragged edges of Acapulco Bay, and the humid morning breeze creates soft ripples on the water. Crabs tumble over the rocks at the bottom of the cliffs along the shore, first washed up by the waves, then swept away. A cruising hawk's shadow undulates across La Quebrada, a rocky ledge overlooking a narrow, dead-end gorge fed by the bay and bordered on three sides by cliffs so steep the sun will not touch the water until noon.

A boy climbs the face of the tallest cliff. Only the sough of the sea can be heard at the top, 85 feet above the water. The boy stands motionless on the summit, at attention. He raises his arms slowly, stretches them directly in front of his chest, palms down, index fingers touching. He stares ahead, his senses seeking the rhythm of the water rushing into the gorge. He sighs once, a deep breath. From inside him a voice says, "A swell is building . . . it's coming . . . coming . . . all right . . . *now*." The "now" is a command. If he leaves the cliff at the wrong instant he will hit the water after the swell has died, and the water's depth will have dropped to only 10 feet, not really enough from that height. He flexes his knees and springs from the edge with all his strength. He must throw himself out 25 feet from the cliff wall to keep from landing on the rocks that extend into the gorge. He points his toes and arches his back and raises his head and spreads his arms and soars. For the next 2½ seconds he floats in that position. It seems forever before he brings his arms together and pierces the water at 45 mph.

It is every Acapulco boy's fantasy to become a cliff diver, to execute the perfect swan dive from the top of that cliff. The divers are legendary. Their images on postcards, silhouetted like seagulls against the setting sun, have become the Acapulco trademark. No more than a few Mexicans can dive gracefully from the top, and they are idolized by every street urchin who plays on La Quebrada by day and hustles tourists by night. Mexicans have been diving from the cliff for 43 years, and silver coins that have eluded divers still lie buried in the sand at the bottom of the gorge.

Eight years ago, a group of divers from the U.S. challenged the Mexicans on the cliff. The Americans thought it insane to dive headfirst, and they feared the rocks. They performed somersaults in midair and landed in the water feet first, and they built a platform from which they could launch themselves. Eventually the American contingent found the courage to forgo the platform, but they persisted in making feet-first entries and in the first six annual Acapulco Cliff Diving Championships an American team member won only once, and he was actually an Argentinian. Then in 1974 five Americans placed ahead of the top-scoring native diver.

Mexico had some claim to runner-up that disheartening year, however. A Chicano named Sam Hernandez had finished second. He had been beaten only by a former trampolinist, Pat Sucher, who, on his final dive, had received a perfect score of 10 from each of the five judges. That unheard-of perfect score spawned a resentment in Sam Hernandez' mind that simmered until the 1975 event, held last December. Then, after some new ingredients were added, it began to boil.

Sam Hernandez was born in the brown ghetto of East Los Angeles. He never knew his father. He spent much of his childhood in a welfare line with his mother. A superb athlete, he graduated from high school in 1963, credited with attaining a fifth-grade reading level; his school considered him "educatable but mentally retarded."

Once out of school, Hernandez' life spiraled downhill. He was arrested a few times: once for possession of cocaine, and once after a car chase that ended with undercover police finding 102 kilos of marijuana in his trunk. The dope-related cases were dismissed: Hernandez had only been delivering the cocaine, not selling or using it; he had been set up to drive the car full of marijuana.

Sam Hernandez had been lucky. Luckier at least than his younger brother; after being arrested for possession of pills, he had hanged himself in jail.

Hernandez was divorced from his first wife and remarried. Looking for a fresh start, he and his new wife, Sue, moved to Oregon, where he found a job man-

continued

aging the swimming pool at the Warm Springs Indian Reservation. He also met Ernesto Lopez, a fellow Chicano, who directed the Upward Bound Educational Program at Oregon State.

"I wish I was a kid so I could go to school," said Hernandez.

"You don't have to be a kid," said Lopez.

"I'm 27," said Hernandez.

"So?" shrugged Lopez.

"I can't read or write."

"We'll teach you."

After hours of government-financed tutoring, Hernandez enrolled at Oregon State through its Equal Opportunity Program. In his first year he made the dean's list with a 4.0 grade-point average and was the school's top diver. He also taught swimming to handicapped children at the local YMCA. He found a goal, to become a diving coach. Sue bore him a daughter—Sami-Sue—and for the first time, his life had a direction.

After two years at Oregon State, Hernandez decided he could make a living diving. He quit college, went back to Los Angeles and prepared for the 1974 Acapulco championship. The event was invitational and Hernandez was unknown outside of collegiate circles, so he called the promoters, Norma and Bob Maxwell, a U.S. couple who, under the name of Maxwell Associates, stage many of the professional high-diving competitions held in North America. Hernandez told them who he was and asked to be invited. They said that the American team had already been selected. Sam said he was going to Acapulco anyhow.

Hernandez and his wife sold nearly everything they owned to raise the money for one-way tickets to Acapulco. They arrived six weeks early and shared an apartment with cockroaches until their money ran out and one of the Mexican divers took them in. Every morning Hernandez sprinted through the sand and surf to strengthen his leg muscles for the big thrust away from the cliff, although there seemed to be no chance that he would be included in the closed competition.

Then, shortly before the event one member of the six-man American team still had not shown up. Norma Maxwell added Sam Hernandez to the American side.

After his loss to Sucher's "perfect" dive, Hernandez saw an evil conspiracy in the judging. Hernandez was the only diver on the American team who didn't work for the Maxwells. Two of the five judges were Mexicans chosen by Raoul Garcia, who co-promotes the event. The other three judges were an American, a Canadian and the Maxwells' son.

The schism between Hernandez and the world of professional diving seemed to be healing itself when in the spring of 1975 Hernandez' entry was accepted for a Maxwell-promoted event in a New Jersey amusement park where three "world championships" were to be decided. However, by the day of the contest Hernandez still had not signed the standard release form issued by the park. Instead he presented an untenable contract handwritten on Holiday Inn letterhead. So, he watched as University of Texas medical student Donnie Vick won all three titles. When the 1975 Acapulco invitations were sent out, Hernandez' name again was not on the list.

Despite the rejection from the Maxwells and no reply from telegrams to Garcia, Hernandez announced in Los Angeles that he was going to Acapulco and would perform a chilling dive never before attempted from the cliffs. Hernandez' specialty, a 2½, involves somersaults *and* a headfirst entry.

"I don't care how many flips you do," Hernandez said, agreeing with the native divers' philosophy. "If you land feet first, you're not diving, you're jumping. The danger, the beauty, the *skill*, is in the headfirst entry. If you land wrong, on your head or go over too far from that height, at that speed, you got troubles."

A Los Angeles television station prepared a special spot featuring Hernandez, and raised $400 for his expenses at a benefit luncheon, checks payable to "Friends of Sam Hernandez." (The expenses for the invited divers were paid for by Maxwell Associates.) A resolution passed by the Los Angeles city council honored him "not only for his outstanding achievements, but for his compassion for the less fortunate"—specifically, his work for organizations such as the Sugar Ray Youth Foundation. The proclamation wished him luck in Acapulco.

Hernandez borrowed a car, packed Sue and Sami-Sue in the front seat and drove to Acapulco. He spent his first few days hanging around Hotel El Mirador, which is built on the cliffs at La Quebrada. He would sit on a rock and stare up at the cliff, his legs dangling, like a little boy in a barber chair, twisting a huge souvenir cliff-diving ring. Occasionally he would scribble in a little notebook things like, "Dec. 19, 12:16—tide not so good. 12:18—tide real good."

Three days before the event Hernandez met with the Maxwells and Pat Sucher beside the Hotel El Mirador pool, and argued that his second-place finish the previous year had earned him the right to compete. "Anyone can get lucky," Sucher retorted. With that, Hernandez jumped out of his lounge chair and challenged Sucher to a diving match off the cliff, right then and there. The clash was not surprising. Hernandez had been taught by the ghetto that winning means surviving, while Sucher's personality pattern had also been set at an early age. When he was seven a bone tumor had been found on his thigh and doctors feared he would never walk again. After two operations and months in a body cast, Sucher's father broke the boy's crutches over a knee. "No kid of mine is going to be a cripple the rest of his life," he told the crying youngster.

"We're sick about all this because we bring special divers here to Acapulco," said Norma Maxwell later that day. "Deserving divers, not just qualified divers. Our divers are very happy and very close, and Sam Hernandez is a disrupting influence on them."

None of the divers publicly disagreed with Norma Maxwell, but then they don't disagree with her about anything. She is not an unkind woman—at the 1974 championships she tried to sign Hernandez for the Maxwells' other promotions, and her efforts were marked with obvious concern for his welfare—but she exercises the kind of control that makes her divers glance guiltily over their shoulders when they enter a bar. "You got to play ball with Norma," said one diver.

"The Maxwells are uptight because I won't work for them and they can't exploit my dive," said Hernandez. "They're afraid my 2½ will show their divers up. But if I don't do that damn dive, I might as well not even bother to go back to L.A. and face those kids."

The afternoon after the meeting with Sucher and the Maxwells, Hernandez climbed the cliff and practiced his 2½ from the 65-foot perch, 20 feet below the top. The Maxwells watched him from the hotel terrace.

With time running out, Hernandez dipped into his dwindling fund money for a scattershot series of phone calls to

continued



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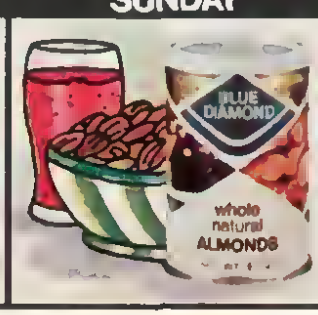
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Los Angeles. He called Jack Roth, his coach, and soon the Los Angeles-based Mexican-American Political Association knew of his troubles, as well as the governors of the Mexican states of Baja California and Guerrero. California Senator Alan Cranston's office repeatedly tried to call the Maxwells. The calls were ignored. Hernandez' lawyer flew to Acapulco; he went swimming when he saw he had not gotten the whole story and there was no case. Hernandez visited the Mexican immigration department and returned saying he was told he would be deported if he so much as set foot on the cliff.

As the contest drew closer Sam began grasping at straws. Hearing of the boycott of Mexico by American Jews because of Mexico's vote in the U.N. in favor of a resolution equating Zionism with racism—there were 68,000 hotel cancellations in Acapulco—he concluded that Mexico wouldn't want to further antagonize the U.S. Maybe that would help him. If not, someone told him California Governor Jerry Brown planned to send two men to help. If not, Sue had this friend who knew someone in the CIA and. . . .

In fact, Raoul Garcia received a telegram from a deputy in the Mexican Congress ordering him to allow Hernandez to compete. Garcia scoffed. "It's simple," Garcia said. "I invite you to a party, you come. I don't invite you, you don't come. Sam Hernandez is stupid. He's not a Mexican, he's a *pocho* [a word akin to half-breed]. No one can come to my country and tell me what to do. If Sam Hernandez pays me 10,000 pesos [$800] entry fee, he dives."

Unaware of the situation, three Hernandez supporters, two women and a teen-age boy, arrived from Los Angeles to watch him dive. They brought with them $200 from the teachers and alumni of Garfield High School, Hernandez' alma mater, and a card saying, "Congratulations on your success." Sue Hernandez, tears in her eyes, told them her husband was banned from the cliff. The trio went to Mass to pray for Hernandez. Bob Maxwell watched them leave the lobby of the hotel and said, "Looks like the whole hearts-and-flowers team is down here."

Half an hour before the diving was scheduled to start, neither prayers nor political pressure had availed. Then it was discovered that two judges had not shown up. The Maxwells drafted Bob Brandt, in Acapulco with his friend Kenny Sitzberger who was providing color commentary for the TV coverage, for jury duty. He accepted the Maxwells' invitation. "It was like sitting in an airplane and having a stewardess come up and say, 'The pilot just died. We need you to fly the plane,' " said Brandt.

Still, there was another judge to appoint. No one was even remotely qualified, except. . . .

Sam Hernandez became the final judge.

The American team consisted of Donnie Vick, the Texan; defending champion Sucher; Al Valadares, the only man in the world to have performed a quadruple somersault from a high-dive platform, Tim McLaughlin, who psychs himself for high diving by gazing toward the ground from the tops of skyscrapers; rookie Brad Garlich; and team captain Rick White, whose background rivals Hernandez'. White is an escapee from Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant district, where he ran with a bunch that used its diving prowess to impress girls at municipal pools. White's first high dive was from about 75 feet—from the Williamsburg Bridge, between Brooklyn and Manhattan. At the time, he and his pals were being chased by a jealous Brooklyn gang.

In Acapulco the divers dived twice—once from the 65-foot perch, once from the top of the cliff. At the completion of the first round, only White, Valadares, Mexican Ricardo Moreno (a two-time winner) and Vick remained in contention. But in the second round poor dives by White and Valadares all but eliminated them.

As Vick stood on a rock at the top of the cliff, a couple of feet higher than the point from which the others had dived, another hassle developed. Moreno threatened to withdraw unless Vick stepped down. Raoul Garcia threatened to disqualify Vick if he dived from that rock. While the Mexican spectators below howled, "*Arriba! Arriba!*" ("Higher! Higher!") Hernandez and the rest of the judges, positioned across the chasm, voted unanimously to permit Vick to dive from the rock. Norma Maxwell, stationed with the judges, also wanted Vick to stay on the rock, and yelled instructions to that effect to Vick.

Across the way, her husband encouraged Vick to step down. Vick did and, not surprisingly, after practicing from the higher height, his timing was off and his entry into the water sloppy. Moreno followed with a gorgeous swan dive and won the individual championship.

Later, at the bottom of the cliff, Vick, who joined the Maxwells' shows primarily to earn money for medical school, said that what had happened to Hernandez and himself was demeaning to an athletic activity that is already too much of a spectacle and not enough of a sport.

But the spectacle wasn't quite over. Moments after the final dive, while the contestants were at the bottom congratulating each other, Sam Hernandez appeared, almost unnoticed, at the top of the cliff. The splash and the applause and the scattered shouts of "Sam-well! *Olé!*" from the few Mexicans who saw him dive were the only indications that he had performed his 2½.

Hernandez returned to Los Angeles "exhausted and defeated," as Sue described him. And broke. *Wide World of Sports* ignored Hernandez in its coverage of the Acapulco championship, which was aired on Feb. 8; that further depressed and disillusioned Sam, because gaining publicity had been one of his intentions. The Los Angeles Mexican-American Political Association named him Man of the Year, but Hernandez saw that recognition as a hollow honor.

He sent a cable to Acapulco challenging Moreno to a dive, *mano a mano*. At one point Hernandez said that Moreno accepted although conditions were unclear: maybe the dive would be held at the Universal Movie Studios in Los Angeles, maybe the winner would get $3,000 and the loser $2,000. More recently Hernandez has claimed his offer was refused. The challenge still hangs and for all practical purposes, Hernandez has abandoned competitive professional diving.

What has now captured his interest is an unpaid job coaching the four-man diving team—three Chicanos and a black—at Garfield High School, the team that Hernandez had helped form in 1962. Hernandez recently enrolled at USC for the fall semester.

He had come full circle from the day he quit Oregon State to go big time. So ended Hernandez' dream of becoming a world-famous high diver, the *first* world-famous high diver. Like those silver coins, it now lies buried at the bottom of La Quebrada. **END**

PART 3

Religion in Sport

Reaching For The Stars



The preachers to the pros, like the Rev. Billy Zeoli (right), often are modish and flamboyant, but the slick sermons they deliver in locker rooms before games psych up the players

by Frank Deford

Some guys who preach to teams are awed by the athletes," the Rev. Billy Zeoli says. "Some are even in it for money, for free tickets, and that doesn't do us any good. Professional athletes are the fastest guys in the world to spot a phony."

Now that religion in sport—call it Sportianity—is booming, all major league baseball and football teams have Sunday chapel services, home and away, and by any standard Zeoli is the Most Valuable Preacher. (Trivia question: Who is the only man in history to be the first outsider embraced by both a winning Super Bowl coach and a winning World Series manager? Answer: the Rev. Billy Zeoli—by Tom Landry, Dallas, 1972, and by Sparky Anderson, Cincinnati, 1975.) Zeoli is also President Ford's personal pastor, and spends a lot of his time protesting that people make too much of a fuss about his being the President's pastor. Zeoli has good anticipation and if a fuss is not made, he sees one coming and protests in advance.

One of the reasons that "Z"—as many players call him—gets along so well with the athletes is that he has many of the same ego problems they do. He is a celebrity at the height of his powers, and, like a ballplayer on top, is threatened by hotshot kids on the way up. Explaining the operation of his company, Gospel Films, Z suddenly declares, "At any moment I can reach more people around the world than any other minister alive." For emphasis, he glances at his watch. "Well, except maybe Graham. I don't know what he's doing right now." This particular Sunday morning, Z is personally going to reach only the Buffalo Bills and the New York Jets.

Many in religion do not cotton to Zeoli, some are simply jealous of his success. Players who do not attend chapel services sometimes snicker and call him Elmer Gantry behind his back. Z understands all this and accepts it. "I'm not trying to compete with anybody," he says. "I have enough problems with my personality, my chutzpah. But I pray to reach people that others aren't reaching. When I got into this, when I realized what I could do, I told God, 'Give me the chance to communicate with important people like athletes and I will promise You two things: that I will present the Gospel and that I will give You the credit. As a matter of fact, knowing me, I will give You the credit now, in advance.' "

continued



Basketball is the Muslims' game and Abdul-Jabbar a notable convert.

Even though Z seems to enjoy the limelight and to relish being more controversial than humble clergy are supposed to be, his self-perspective and good humor are saving graces. Some of the most subdued, thoughtful types in Sportianity, people who should be his natural enemies, go out of their way to praise Zeoli. His methods seem to work, they say, so we must accept him at face value; everybody seems to have a favorite story of Z's converting a hard-nosed linebacker, transforming him into a veritable St. Francis of Assisi with a few well-aimed verses of Scripture. For all Zeoli's contradictions and insecurities, nobody who knows him doubts his earnestness.

Jim Hiskey, who formerly played on the golf tour along with his better-known brother Babe, helped start PGA chapel services and still organizes them, but he devotes most of his lay ministry to something called Cornerstone, near the University of Maryland campus. It is just a house where he, his wife and children and some visitors live. Young people can come for lunch or for a few weeks, to chat, to be counseled, for Bible studies or training in discipleship. Like many people in Sportianity, Hiskey sometimes seems concerned with box-office religion ("We drew 150 on the tour once when Graham spoke, we even got Palmer and Nicklaus to that service"), but he is kind and understated, and Cornerstone is a warm place, soulful, embracing—even, in the best sense, holy. Nobody is adding up names and numbers, giving out free Bibles or sign-up cards, dressing God in shoulder pads. In the summer and on winter weekends, to make some back-to-school money for his family, Hiskey works as a pro at the Hawk Valley Golf Club in Bowmansville, Pa.

"This is a decade of searching, of looking inward," Hiskey says. "In fact, there might be too much introspection. But in sport, people are less introspective. Stars especially have a high self-image. While a star's image may be distorted, he almost must feel this way about himself to have gotten where he is. I think Billy Zeoli has the kind of message that reaches those people better than most of the rest of us. He is a Christian entrepreneur, and flamboyant, that's for sure, but he has a big heart. There's no question Billy Zeoli has had an impact on some lives out there."

On the surface, Z is something of a caricature. Half Italian ("My emotional side"), half German ("My brains"), he wears long adolescent bangs that tumble in a sexy Veronica Lake lock over one eye. He dresses in flashy ensembles, the kind that *nouveau* pro athletes and guys in pick-up bars favor. This day, for the Bills and Jets, he has selected a deep open-necked shirt to go with a rust-colored three-piece suit that matches the Bible he carries (beat that, Graham).

If Zeoli has a prototype, it is not the complete, careful Graham but Dwight Moody, the 19th-century evangelist who broke through barriers to bring the message to America's industrialists. Unschooled and direct, Moody was sort of a businessmen's minister who thrived on being with fat cats, just as Zeoli plays that game with jocks. Moody indulged in food and became obese, while Zeoli, also a man of excess, has a passion for clothing and pop vernacular. Moody ate himself to death; conspicuous style could eventually do in Zeoli, professionally.

This winter morning in New York, Z's two sons are with him. Often when he travels, he takes members of his family; there are also a daughter, and a wife, Marilyn, with whom he is excruciatingly happy. Quickly, he volunteers that his and Mrs. Zeoli's spiritual life together is matched only by the physical delights they find in one another.

Z has barred photographers and a network TV crew from his service this day. He thinks the players would tab him as a phony if they saw him getting that kind of coverage. He and his coterie (some local Christians are along) go up to the assigned meeting room in the hotel where the Buffalo Bills are staying. There is excited speculation that O.J. may put in an appearance, but unfortunately only four players and a couple of assistant coaches—not a big name among them—show up, which leaves Zeoli visibly taken aback and, afterward, a bit petulant. At the service, though, he tailors his performance neatly for such an intimate group, cutting down on his more bombastic style, coming across rather like a life-insurance salesman instead of the used-car dealer that he often resembles before larger groups.

The essence of his message is the same. By his own proud admission, the Zeoli theology is brutally simple. "I am a total liberal when it comes to methods, but very conservative in theology," he says. As he tells the Bills, as he will tell the Jets, as he always says, Jesus was either the Son of God or a cuckoo—take it or leave it. God and man are separated by sin, which is labeled "The Problem." "The Answer" is to employ Jesus as the intermediary. So, there is "The Decision," and to avoid confusion Zeoli lays out the choices: "yes," "no," and "maybe." Taken as a whole, that is what Zeoli calls "God's Game Plan." The same theology appears throughout Sportianity. Zeoli considers it basic and obvious. A contrary view comes from an athlete who defected in disgust from the Fellowship of Christian Athletes; he calls God's Game Plan a "franchised religion, the McDonald's of the spirit."

But Zeoli is not a philosopher; he is a preacher, and his favorite chapels are crowded ones, especially those filled by old friends. He is something of a walking, breathing St. Christopher medal for Sparky Anderson and the Reds in the off-season, and when he is in familiar territory he is a promiscuous hugger, renewing acquaintanceships with the most generous of embraces.

At Shea Stadium, with the Jets, he is in his element. Not only is this a team he knows well, but the club's policy is to invite friends and family to chapel. There are perhaps 20 Jet players on hand, but 60 or 70 worshipers, all told, jammed into an extra locker room, and Z's eyes dance.

He uses the God's Game Plan material that he had presented at the Bills' *théâtre intime*, but for this SRO crowd he dresses it in brighter verbal fabric and provides snappy animation. Zeoli has hit upon a method of preaching in which every few minutes, cued by a kind of cyclical body-clock, he interrupts the message with a divertissement: a small humor, a studied action (he chucks his watch into the crowd at one point) or even a sudden acknowledgment of someone: "Hey, good to see you again." He breaks up any sustained thought with fluffy interludes. He says this is unintentional and, as spontaneous as he is, no doubt this is true, but the device is most effective—especially with a young audience, with that generation raised on TV, among whom commercial breaks are expected and concentration limited. Many old-time preachers bludgeoned parishioners into submission; time was no object. Apparently, modern pulpiteers must score with flicks and jabs.

Z keeps his hands moving, always the

continued



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showman, never trusting just the message. He colors his speech with the street jargon he uses in conversation, and presumably even relies on it when he is counseling Betty and Jer. Jesus, the Jets are informed at one point, "cooled it." A passing mention of Plato produces this inquiry: "Is anyone here a philosophy cat?" The athletes tend to be "cats," except for blacks who are referred to as "dudes," or occasionally as "the brothers." To the casual observer, this display appears condescending, but, in fact, the cats and dudes seem to dig Z and are into his act.

Z thinks he has it all together, too. "When it comes to intensity," he says, shortly after his Jets sermon and following an obligatory courtesy call to Joe Namath, "a football team before a game gives you the most intense crowd you'll ever preach to. When I say *pray*—'Let us pray!'—you should see those cats." He drops his head like a rock to show how the players respond to his authority. "They're really up for it. Bob Hope couldn't come in there and relate to those guys in 20 minutes the way I did, could he?"

This question turns out to be not merely rhetorical, for when no direct answer is forthcoming, Z asks anxiously, "Could he? Could he?"

While most of the energy in Sportianity is devoted to using players and coaches as evangelists, an increasing amount of attention is being paid to ministering to the athletes themselves. The practice of holding chapel services originated in the late 1950s. Bill Glass, a Detroit Lions end, would assemble three or four like-minded teammates on road trips, and they would read the Bible together. Raymond Berry and Don Shinnick began a similar program with the Colts, and, in baseball, Richie Ashburn started services for the Cubs in the early '60s. Bobby Richardson of the Yankees brought chapel to the American League, and it was he who first escorted Billy Zeoli into a major league locker room.

And yet, as late as 1973, only about seven or eight baseball teams held regular chapel. The recent change has come about under the aegis of Baseball Chapel, an organization run by Watson Spoelstra of Detroit, after he retired from sportswriting and hard drinking. Baseball Chapel has a $25,000 annual budget, a big-name board of directors (including Commissioner Bowie Kuhn) and a biweekly newsletter that boasts a circulation of more than 1,000. There is no comparable pro football chapel clearinghouse (Pro Athletes Outreach is perhaps most involved), but services in the NFL are now an integral part of every team's weekly schedule.

Despite the success of Baseball Chapel, football is at the heart of the Sportian movement. Tom Landry, the Cowboys' coach who is president of the FCA national board, is the top jock in religion, and his assistant pastor, Roger Staubach, is probably the biggest name. Significantly, Pro Athletes Outreach has signed up many football players, but neither PAO nor any of the other Sportian organizations has made appreciable headway in basketball or hockey. Elvin Hayes of the Washington Bullets and Shelly Kannegiesser of the Los Angeles Kings are the best-known of a handful of converts in those two sports.

Wayne Smith, a vice-president of marketing for the Omni in Atlanta, the arena where the NBA Hawks play, is an ordained Presbyterian minister and the only NBA chaplain. It is his view, and the prevailing one in Sportianity, that pro basketball is not responsive to chapel services and religious involvement because of its frenetic schedule. Tom Skinner, the Redskins' chaplain, thinks that a football cleric could do just as well with a basketball team if he could take the job for a full season. Many basketball players, however, dispute these conclusions and maintain that it is hardly a matter of logistics. Instead, they argue that football and basketball players are distinctly different types.

Phil Jackson of the New York Knicks is the son of rural Pentecostal ministers (although with his full beard he looks rather like a Talmudic student). He is one of the few pros in any league interested in the generic subject of religion. Says Jackson, "The kind of simplistic religion that appeals to so many football players is largely based upon submission. There is no room for argument, for examination. This fits perfectly with the football mentality, where players are the cogs in a machine. Basketball players, on the other hand, are individualists, they have a higher ego sense. I don't think there are more than half a dozen fundamentalist Christians left in the NBA."

Jackson's opinion is buttressed by the Muslim population in pro sports. Virtually all are in basketball. In the NFL only Ahmad Rashad (the former Bobby Moore) is Muslim, and there are none in baseball (Willie Davis is a Buddhist). If Christians can't reach basketball players because of the schedule, why aren't Muslims similarly blocked?

The basketball players who turn to Islam offer much the same reasons other athletes do in accounting for their new devotion to Christ ("A void in my life," "Something bigger than me," etc.). Both groups are searching and/or disillusioned, young men looking for a spiritual anchor in their lives. It seems almost incidental, given their similar temperaments, that some went to Christ and others to Mohammed.

A major distinction besides doctrine is the method of indoctrination. Conversion to Islam is usually a long, thought-out move that requires a negative decision as well (renouncing Christianity). However, it is almost a point of pride with Christian athletes that they were converted quickly, in the blinding-light fashion of Saul on the way to Damascus. Moreover, Islam is more demanding, in terms of ritual and conduct. Mahdi Abdul-Rahman, who was the All-America Walt Hazzard at UCLA, the son of a Methodist minister and college president, says, "In Islam, you can't just go to church on Sunday and feel that will cool everything out. As a Muslim, I have no excuse, but these guys seem to think they're off the hook because Jesus died for them."

Muslims are required to pray five times a day, the first occasion before sunrise—but this and other requirements, such as fasting, can be adjusted for athletes when there is a conflict with their vocational responsibilities. Muslims are also obliged to tithe 2½%, of their savings, but no conscious effort is made to use the famous Muslim athletes as evangelists. If only by their names, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and the few other basketball-playing Muslims have given the impression to many whites that the Islamic religion has firmer roots in black America than in fact it does. In the public mind there also is no distinction between orthodox Muslims and the independent Black Muslim sect made famous first by Malcolm X and then by Muhammad Ali. In fact, Abdul-Jabbar refers to the heavyweight cham-

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pion only as Cassius Clay, believing that the Black Muslim sect holds views contrary to Islam. Those Muslims who are black—as opposed to Black Muslims—are anxious to make it clear that theirs is not a racial religion.

"We've been badly stereotyped," says Abdul-Rahman, who is now a program evaluator for a college preparatory program at UCLA. "Those blacks among us are not out to join Islam to buck the slave thing. It has nothing to do with that. It is a return to a natural way of life, not an escape from the past or anything. I'm taking my name, Hazzard, back, as Jamaal [Wilkes, of the Golden State Warriors] kept his, to show respect for my father and my past. The whole Arabic thing bothers a lot of people. We are assumed to be anti-Semitic, when in fact Arabs are a Semitic people, too, so they could hardly be anti-Semitic. But I'm afraid there are people who haven't stopped fighting the Crusades."

Abdul-Rahman stays out of the controversy, but other Muslims and black Christian players wonder why a young man of his obvious coaching ability cannot find even an assistant's job in the pros. It is darkly suggested in some quarters that Jewish executives want to keep Arab types off their teams and out of their league. Why else, it is asked, did Phoenix have so much difficulty trading the brilliant Charlie Scott, whose Muslim name is Shadid Abdul-Alim? But, in fact, it was a Jew, Red Auerbach of Boston, who finally took Scott. A Jewish NBA executive explodes at the charge. "Just tell 'em they're crazy. Does anybody seriously think I'm going to start thinking about the Gaza Strip if I can get a good shot at a guy like Scott or Wilkes?" These accusations upset Jews even more because so many of them have been active in the management of pro basketball, the sport in which blacks have obtained their greatest opportunities. Basketball has always been considered the most Jewish of games, even though the last great Jewish college player was Art Heyman 15 years ago, and the last great Jewish pro was Dolph Schayes, who also played in the early '60s. Nonetheless, Jews continue to be a substantial force in pro basketball ownership, just as preppy WASPs dominate hockey.

Despite the publicity about black athletes being converted to Islam, the truth is that Christianity is growing faster among blacks in Africa than it is anywhere else in the world. Tom Skinner, who is the best-known black in Sportianity, says, "In this country we Christians have failed in communicating our beliefs to blacks. I don't mind saying that it is the thinking blacks who have turned to Islam. But I understand them. Black people often don't relate to Jesus Christ. We are presenting Him in the wrong light. Blacks see a man who is blond and blue-eyed, yet who comes from a country halfway between Africa and Asia, and they wonder who is putting them on. Besides, Christ seems docile, soft, even effeminate in his pictures, so that you have to work full time just to overcome that. If you can just get blacks to read the Scriptures, they'll see that He's gutsy, contemporary, radical—that He's got hair on His chest and dirt under His fingernails."

Though his father was a minister, Skinner became a homicidal gang leader in Harlem before turning to Jesus. He operates Tom Skinner Associates (Reaching Black America For Christ) out of a nicely furnished Brooklyn office. There are 36 employees and the budget now exceeds $1 million. Skinner played baseball and basketball at Wagner College, but it is to football, which he played in high school, that he has directed his sports ministry; he has been the Redskins' chaplain since 1971, and he devotes 17 long weekends each fall to being with the team. At other times he counsels city people of all classes from executives to "survivalists," those indigents just trying to get from sunup to sundown. As it does for many ministers, football holds a special fascination for Skinner. "Football is representative of what life is all about," he says. "It has goals, opposition, bad calls."

While all athletes have much the same reasons for turning to religion, football players, who live more intimately with violence and injury, seem most susceptible to the message. "I was a coach," says John Erickson, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes president. "When a player is injured, the first thing he says, every time, is: 'Coach, can I play again?' We can approach them, then, first to minister to their immediate needs, and then to talk to them about their lives."

Says Don Cutler, Episcopal rector and literary agent, "Certain kinds of religion prosper among people under stress. Of course, there's a lot of stress down on Wall Street too, but you don't see any chaplains down there. You also don't see clients physically sacking the broker. Mashing the quarterback—that doesn't bother the fans. It really is a little bit like the lions and the Christians. But for the players, people getting hurt does raise questions, because they may be the next ones injured. There is nothing in the symbolism of sport that helps them deal with that, so they turn to religion.

"The kind of religion that predominates in sport solves a personal need. There are no philosophical issues, nothing is cosmic. God is a bit larger than Pete Rozelle, and if you can just get in good with Him, then He might keep you from getting hurt and He might even get you a better contract. Anyway, what have you got to lose?"

Perhaps as important as what happens on the field is the egomania of big-time athletes. They have been spoiled rotten since they were nine or 10. Muslim or Baptist, Catholic or Jew, virtually every player who turns to religion cites how his very success, his accomplishment at a young age, required him to look beyond for something more. The classic story is about the surfer who finally found the perfect wave, and immediately turned to God when he discovered that the ride had not made him happy. "The very reason why it is worth talking to these cats," says Billy Zeoli, "is they do have everything at age 23—money, fame, a sense of achievement, women chasing them—and yet still they're so empty."

That emptiness is most often filled with women—"stadium lizards." Any clergyman who seeks employment in the pro locker room better understand that the bulk of his counseling will involve sex. "What else is there?" asks Arlis Priest of PAO. "Even the Christian guys are promiscuous," says Ray Hildebrand of FCA. "Players are pursued by these women," says Tom Skinner. "The temptations are constant. The average man can't even conceive of how many temptations, how often. I mean, he cannot conceive."

The chaplains point out that infidelity in itself is not usually the cause of athletes' failing marriages. Promiscuity is so prevalent that many wives resign themselves to it or blot out the obvious. Instead, pros are so overpowered by stadium lizards, so spoiled by their fawning attentions, that they lose the ability to

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relate to their wives as individuals. It is not that a pro cheats on his wife when he is away from her, it is that he assaults her dignity when he is with her. The wife cannot cater to the pro's insufferable demands and ego.

An inordinate number of conversions are accompanied by the admission that a marriage was failing, and that newfound religion is what saved it. The guilt among athletes is great; many confess past adulterous transgressions to their wives. Often Sportianity serves as a kind of sexual Alcoholics Anonymous. To be able to tell a stadium lizard, "My religion won't let me" or "Jesus is against this"—that sort of thing—takes the athlete off the hook when he is not strong enough to say no on his own.

Once a chaplain is accepted on a team—and this may take a season or more—the players often become almost compulsive in discussing their problems, marital or otherwise. Zeoli suspects this may be another manifestation of ego—that athletes do everything larger than life, even confess. Skinner adds, "You must keep in mind that athletes need someone to talk to in confidence. So many people take athletes, use them, repeat what an athlete tells them in order to prove their close friendship to others. To be able to talk to someone who really cares and yet can keep a secret is a great release for them."

As effective as ministerial counseling may be, pregame and postgame team prayers strike many as phony and a misuse of religion. Before a game most players are fired up, single-minded, possibly even zonked out on drugs, and when they pray, many admit that they are only going through the motions. Afterward, their only thoughts are on whether they won or lost. Says Malcolm Boyd, who is an author, social critic and Episcopal priest, "This sort of slick, stage-directed prayer alienates people from religion because anybody can see that it is as shoddy as anything else in the world. The gimmick use of prayer before a game for the purpose of getting psyched up, this use of prayer as *deus ex machina*—I find it simply immoral. To use God in this way—it isn't holy. Hell isn't a bunch of fires. I think that hell is when you're using anybody, even when you're trying to use God, as in this case."

A University of West Virginia Episcopal chaplain, the Rev. Michael Paine, attacked Mountaineer football coach James Carlen (now at Texas Tech) in 1966 for forcing his players in effect to "kneel in mock piety," and team prayer was briefly an issue in the state; *The Charleston Gazette* termed it "repugnant" and "unconstitutional." But Carlen moved on to a new gridiron pulpit, and team prayer has spread to become an unchallenged part of American sport.

More and more lay people are agreeing with priests like Boyd that game-day religion has become a hypocritical farce. Even at Notre Dame, where the spiritual function is well established, the use of pregame prayer is admittedly distorted and has lost its original purpose. On a game day the team meets for Mass at 8:30, the captains say the litany and kiss the cross, and then everyone on the team is given a medal chosen especially for the occasion. Father James Riehle, the Notre Dame athletic chaplain, volunteers that the medal is "something visible" that the players can take away, because he admits there is the good likelihood, in the emotions of a game, that the religious experience of the Mass will be overcome and missed altogether. Father Riehle has no pretensions about game-day Mass. "It is somewhat religious," he says, "but only that. It is somewhat symbolic, and I'm sure that some would even say somewhat superstitious. And they may be right. Primarily, it provides unity."

Team chaplains often become talismans, good-luck charms. Zeoli seemed to serve this purpose for the Reds in their championship run. John Shumate, the former Notre Dame basketball star who is not a Catholic, once would not let the team bus depart without the priest who was scheduled to go along on the trip as chaplain. He had a good game record, and Shumate was afraid the club would be jinxed without him. It is still the custom at Notre Dame for the team chaplains to be available to bless individual players before, at halftime and after football games. Now it usually is the non-Catholics who avail themselves of these ministrations; you never know what might click for you.

Game-day religion has become a sort of security blanket, something on the order of superstitions like not stepping on the foul lines or wearing the same tie when you are on a winning streak. "All of us who read the sports pages and listen to the wisdom of color announcers are aware of the rewards of getting up for a game," says Don Cutler, "The religious contribution is largely that of enthusiasm, of morale. I would imagine that the movement is strongest in the most violent sport, where people are asked to act with the highest disregard of personal safety. Specialty teams strike me as not being appreciably different from *Kamikazes*. In football especially, you need every kind of motivation and zeal. If the religious experience is working in these locker rooms, it is working not for the best of reasons. It's merely a function of melding together, of enthusiasm and team spirit. Faith healing is a similar kind of transaction."

The increased interest by religion in sport suggests that sport is now more important in our culture than it has been. Traditionally, religion has moved to where the action is, and in that sense athletics is to be complimented by these ecclesiastical attentions. These are certainly most agreeable times for religion to find a niche in sport. In the 1960s—years of war and division—the athletic philosophy of winning-is-everything was in the ascendancy. Football, the little war, was clearly the national game. Today, sport fills a much more esthetic function, and it is common for athletes to compare their sport to art. Basketball and tennis, balletic endeavors, have advanced to positions of eminence, and baseball, the rustic game, has been restored to grandeur. There is time now for godliness on the schedule. "If winning is everything," asks John Erickson of FCA, "then why play games?"

In the final analysis, sport has had a greater impact upon religion than the other way around. While athletics does not appear to have been improved by the religious blitzkrieg, the religious people who work that side of the street seem to have been colored by some of the worst attitudes found in sport. The temper of athletic religion is competitive, full of coaches and cheerleaders, with an overriding sense of wins and losses, stars and recruiting, game plans and dugout chatter. "Remember that religion can gain the whole world and lose its soul, just like a person," says Malcolm Boyd.

It might be a good idea right now to talk to the veteran GM in the sky about the possibility of a rebuilding year. END

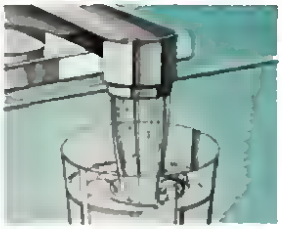
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Double reverse in the West

Houston's on top, just where L.A.'s not, in the upside-down division

Peering out at the murky future from dissimilar vantage points, the Astros and the Dodgers gamely sought to put their respective selves in perspective last week. Surely, Houston is not as good as its 9-7 record would seem to indicate, and Los Angeles is not as bad as its 4-9 mark. Why then should the former be enjoying the heady atmosphere of a virtual tie for first place and the latter the dank air of the cellar? After all, the Dodgers were expected to occupy the high ground, the Astros to inhabit the lower depths. What, each was obliged to ask, is going on here?

A head-to-head confrontation in the Astrodome provided no clear answer, for the teams divided four games. And there was no clue to the reversal of roles in the way they began their seasons, since they both started off abominably. The Dodgers lost their first five games, their worst opening performance in six years. The Astros had the bad luck to begin their season with a three-game series in Cincinnati against the world champion Reds. They lost all three, giving up 33 runs, 43 hits and 11 stolen bases. There was nothing terribly novel about that. In 1975 the Astros lost 97 games and finished 43½ behind the Reds in the National League West. But this season they rebounded from the foreboding start to win their next six games and move to the top. Meanwhile, the Dodgers continued to play as if they were the Brooklyn Daffiness Boys reincarnate.

In their tit-for-tat series certain truths did emerge. Quite obviously the Astros are an improved team. They are faster on the bases, steadier in the field and considerably stronger on the mound, with a maturing J. R. Richard in the starting rotation and a rejuvenated Ken Forsch in the bullpen.

The Dodgers do not seem to be stronger anywhere. Most of all, they miss Pitcher Andy Messersmith, the Dred Scott of baseball. They have not had base-stealing Second Baseman Davey Lopes all season and last week they lacked Steve Yeager, their powerful catcher. Yeager had a sore arm, Lopes a pulled rib-cage muscle. Both will return. Messersmith will not. As some compensation, Pitcher Tommy John has come back. The lefthander had been absent since July 17, 1974, when he ruptured a ligament in his pitching elbow. Delicate surgery was required to mend the damage, and it was feared he would never regain the skills that had earned him a 13-3 record at the time of his misfortune. But John surprised even his most optimistic supporters with a solid performance in spring training. He started for the first time in a regular season game on April 16 against Atlanta, and though he lost the game and gave up three runs in five innings, he established that he could still pitch in the big leagues.

Last week in a 16-inning thriller that the Astros won 1–0, John went the first seven innings. Though the Dodgers lost, he was unable to conceal his elation. "I learned something in Atlanta," he said. "I learned that my fastball is a lot better than I thought it was."

Houston exhibited its own new pitching muscle in the 16-inning game. Richard went the first 10 innings, and Forsch relieved for five before Mike Barlow got the win when Jose Cruz drove home the only run of the game. It was further evidence for taciturn Manager Bill Virdon that the 6′8″ Richard is finally measuring up to his potential and that Forsch is "even better than I thought he was." Two nights later in a 3–1 defeat of the Mets, Forsch registered his sixth save of the season, surpassing his 1975 total by four. Forsch is enthused not only by his own improvement but also by that of his colleagues on a pitching staff that had been generous to a fault. "This year we can get shelled one day and shut 'em out the next," he says. "When we lost those games in Cincinnati, I think all of us said, 'Oh, no, not this again.' But we decided we just weren't going to let that happen to us this year."



Dodger bats like Bill Buckner's have been unsplendid splinters. Team average is .227.

Offensively, the Astros have first-rate hitters in First Baseman Bob Watson (.304), Centerfielder Cesar Cedeno, who hit his fifth homer of the season and knocked in all three runs in the win over the Mets, and surprising Enos Cabell, a full-time player at third base for the first time in his four-year career. The gaunt 6′4″ Cabell had started only about 30 games at third before this season, but during two years in the Baltimore dugout he learned at the feet of the master, Brooks Robinson. "He taught me everything I know about the position," says Cabell. "I think I can play there now. I feel comfortable. And I've always been able to hit good." That he is doing (.343 batting average), and if he is not yet a Robinson, his sure fielding has been an unexpected bonus to a team that traded away an expert, Doug Rader.

Despite the Astros' start, Virdon remains a realist. "It's encouraging to get off like this," he says. "The feeling is catching. You begin to think you can

continued

win. Oh, you have to see Cincinnati at the top, and the Dodgers are certainly better than they have been, but we could end up there somewhere. Stranger things have happened."

What would be stranger is if the Dodgers do not end up there somewhere. Walter Alston, celebrating what seems like his bicentennial as a manager, is worried about some unexpected weaknesses in his team—like poor hitting (the Dodgers' .227 team average is the lowest in the league) and the combined 1-5 pitching of Don Sutton (16-13 last season) and Burt Hooton (18-7)—but he is encouraged by the performances of John and lefthander Doug Rau, who beat the Astros 7–2 in the closing game of the series. Still, the wins have come so seldom that Alston has found himself saying, "I hate to lose as much as anybody, but there's no use worrying about things you can't help."

Besides, it could get worse. The Dodgers need only ask their utility Infielder Ted Sizemore. "I told these guys to keep their daubers up," he says. "I've been through this before. In '73 when I was with the Cardinals, we lost 20 of our first 25 and still damn near won the pennant."

With the mean old Reds and an upstart like Houston around, it is that "damn near" that could tend to keep the Dodgers' daubers down.

THE WEEK

(April 18-24)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST Greater love hath no fan than to drive his car over a street littered with nails to buy tickets, to attend games where almost no refreshments are on sale and to clean the stadium after the contest. That—and more—is what San Francisco fans have endured during a strike of city workers. Still, nearly 25,000 saw the first two games of a home stand. Was it worth it? Certainly, since the Giants beat the Pirates 7–3, with Gary Matthews hitting two homers, and 3–1. Ken Reitz batted .476 and Matthews, who hit .429, slugged two more homers as the Giants fought back from an 8–1 deficit in Atlanta to a 12–11 win.

A 4-1 week by the Giants left them tied for first with Cincinnati (2-3) and Atlanta (3-2), Houston (4-4) being percentage points behind. The Reds' Rawly Eastwick notched a save and a win with superlative relief jobs, the second a 6–4 victory over Montreal in which Dave Concepcion drove in two runs in the 11th. The Braves jolted the Phils 6–5 with a five-run ninth highlighted by five walks and Vic Correll's double. And former Dodgers Jimmy Wynn, Lee Lacy and Jerry Royster teamed up for seven hits and five RBIs as Atlanta edged Los Angeles 7–6.

Randy Jones of San Diego (4-2) had his fastball clocked at 73 mph, about 10 below what is considered average among major league pitchers. Pinpointing his slow stuff, Jones beat Houston 11–5 and St. Louis 5–1. In other Padre wins, Jerry Turner clipped the Reds 7–5 with a two-run single in the eighth and Tito Fuentes singled in the ninth to nip the Cardinals 4–3.

The Dodgers lost four of seven.

ATL 7-5 CIN 7-3 SF 7-5
HOUS 6-7 SD 7-3 LA 4-6

NL EAST Leading the Cubs 7–3 in a game delayed four times by rain, the Expos resorted to outlandish tactics as they hurried through the fifth inning so the game would become official. After Tim Foli and Woodie Fryman got hits, they deliberately let themselves be thrown out by trying to take extra bases. Umpire Billy Williams quickly ordered a halt to such shenanigans, and the game, which was suspended after six innings because of darkness, was concluded the next day. Foli, who had singled, doubled and tripled the previous afternoon, hit for the cycle by homering as the Expos (3-3) went on to win 12–6.

Chicago (2-4) snapped a five-game losing streak with a pair of 11-inning wins, 5–4 over the Expos and 4–3 over the Dodgers.

Dave Parker of the Pirates (1-4) sported a T shirt that read IF YOU HEAR ANY NOISE, IT'S JUST ME AND THE BOYS BOPPIN. But after bopping the Mets 7–5, Buc bats fell almost silent, producing just five runs in four games. Jim Kaat of the Phillies stopped the Pirates 5–1 and Tom Underwood, aided by Tug McGraw, squelched them 3–0 as Philadelphia (4-1) moved into first place.

For the Cardinals (2-4) it was a terrible week. They hit .214, committed assorted errors in the field and on the bases and Pitcher Lynn McGlothen was fined and suspended after he threw at the Mets.

"Jerry Grote has changed," said Met teammate Joe Torre. "He could win the good-guy award at Attica." Long known for his irascibility, Catcher Grote has been uncommonly congenial of late, a change of character he attributes to Transcendental Meditation. TM may also have improved his hitting. Last week Grote batted .417. Del Unser's 17th-inning homer did in St. Louis 4–3, Jon Matlack blanked St. Louis 8–0 and Tom Seaver beat Houston 7–1 on three hits.

PHIL 6-4 PITT 6-5 NY 7-7
CHI 5-7 MONT 5-7 ST.L 4-5

AL EAST LOU, LDU, LDU—that was the first item flashed on the new message board at Yankee Stadium. It was a tribute to Lou Piniella, who led the league with a .485 average after his .450 week. Other hot hitters for New York were Chris Chambliss (.455 and eight RBIs), Willie Randolph (.500), Thurman Munson (.318) and Mickey Rivers (six RBIs). The Bronx Blazers stole 11 bases in 12 tries. Among New York's three wins in five games were 5–4 and 10–7 victories over the White Sox, who left the Big Apple with nothing but an $18 check. The Yankees protested that Chicago starter Bart Johnson should not be allowed to wear a white sweat shirt because it made it difficult for the batters to see the ball. The umpires agreed, so Johnson snipped off his white sleeves. Clay Carroll, the other Sox hurler to appear in the game, wore a blue one instead. All of which resulted in a double coup for the Sox. League President Lee MacPhail ruled their shirts are legal. And the Yankees assumed that both Johnson and Carroll had chopped their sleeves and, trying to make amends, paid Chicago the price of two sweat shirts—$18. The white sleeves were Owner Bill Veeck's idea, but another of his notions was scuttled by Manager Paul Richards. "Bill wanted us to wear wigs in practice in New York to show up all the clean-shaven Yankees," Richards said.

George C. Scott, the Milwaukee (3-2) first baseman, not the Academy Award winner, went to the movies. Henry Aaron tipped off Scott that the cause of his slump was that he was keeping his hands too close to his body. So Scott viewed films of himself when he was hitting well and found Aaron was right. Scott thereupon hit his first homer of the season in a 4–2 win over the Angels.

Jim Rice and Fred Lynn notwithstanding, Carl Yastrzemski says Boston teammate Dwight Evans is "the best outfielder in baseball." Last week as the Red Sox won three of four, Evans hit .429 and Yaz .538.

With Reggie Jackson still holding out, Baltimore (1-4) struggled for runs. Brooks Robinson hit .200, the rest of the Orioles .170.

After being battered in his first two starts, Dennis Eckersley of Cleveland, the league's top rookie pitcher last year, came back to befuddle Oakland 3–0 with a two-hitter.

Slugging by Willie Horton enabled Detroit to split six games. But Catcher Milt May suffered a broken ankle and will be out for at least two months.

NY 6-3 MIL 6-3 BOS 6-5
DET 5-3 CLEV 4-5 BALT 4-7

AL WEST Sports adages are usually trite, but the A's found deep meaning—and success—in the old line: the game is never over until the last man is out. Four times during the week, including

continued

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Here are a few simple ideas for saving heat, and conserving America's gas. Turn your thermostat down a few degrees. Use storm doors and windows. Be sure your house is well-insulated. And don't forget that saving hot water will help save gas. Keep your water heater at the normal setting or lower. Take shorter showers. Fix leaky faucets. And do full loads in your dishwasher and washing machine.

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Los Angeles — Eagleson's
Northern California — Grodins
Palm Desert — Mr. Noe
Palm Springs — Nelson's Oasis
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Rancho Mirage — Mission Hill's Pro Shop
San Diego — Eagleson's
San Diego — Rancho Bernardo
San Francisco — Lion's Den
San Jose — Dahle's
San Jose — Eli Themas
Southern California — Silverwoods
Torrance — Big & Tall Men's Fashions

CONNECTICUT
Bristol — Land's
New Haven — Stag Shop
Stamford — Frank Martin & Sons

DELAWARE
Wilmington — Pomeroy's

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — George & Co
Washington — Lett's

FLORIDA
Bal Harbour — Martin Burns Sportables
Boca Raton — Arthur Buck
Boca Raton — Ferren's
Clearwater — Harvey's
Clearwater — Jerome's
Deerfield Beach — Gordon's Slak Rack
Ft. Lauderdale — Field Bros.
Ft. Lauderdale — Philip's
Ft. Lauderdale — Sterling's
Ft. Myers — Hogen's
Ft. Pierce — L. K. Smith
Hallandale — Big Man-Tall Man
Leuderdale Lakes — Hy Rubin
Miami — Airport Men's Shop
Miami Shores — Paulsen's
Orlando — Egerton & Moore
Pensacola — Geyler's
Pompano Beach — Mertona's
Port Charlotte — Hogan's
Riviera Beach — Forest Mens Shop
St. Petersburg — Egerton & Moore
South Miami — Gerber's
Stuart — Forest Mens Shop

GEORGIA
Albany — The Stag Shop
Athens — George Gibson's
Atlanta — King Size Clothes
Augusta — The Oxford Shop
Cairo — Argus Ltd
Dawson — Meisel's
Gainesville — Friersen McEver
LaGrange — Mansour's
Macon — Joe N. Neel
Moultrie — Friedlander's
Rossville — Veasey's

HAWAII
Honolulu — Kramer's Big H Tall

IDAHO
Boise — Dahle's

ILLINOIS
All Stores — Karell's
All Stores — Rothschild's
Alton — Hanlon and Heegele
Blue Island — Boyd's
Champaign — Jos. Kuhn & Co.
Chicago — Brighton Clo.
Chicago — M. Hyman & Son
Chicago — Syd Jarome
Chicago — Louie Men's Wear
Chicago — Lou Pollack
Country Club Hills — Bermen's
Effingham — The El Matador
Elmhurst — Leonard's
Evergreen Park — Park Men's Shop
Homewood — M. Hyman & Son
Jacksonville — Gillespie's
Lansing — Hafeira's
Lombard — M. Hyman & Son
Peoria — The Bell
Rockford — Chas. V. Weise
Schaumburg — M. Hyman & Son
Skokie — M. Hyman & Son

INDIANA
East Chicago — Lewin's
Elkhart — Myer's Man's Wear
Evansville — Salar's
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & McCarthy
Highland — Highland Dept. Store
Hobart — Edward's
Indianapolis — Edinch Ltd.
Indianapolis — Style Store
Merrillville — Baltimore Men's Shop
Michigan City — The Athlete's Foot
Munster — Edward's
Mishawaka — Larry's Esquire Shop
New Albany — P. A. Niemaier
Valparaiso — The Oxford Shop
Whiting — Lewin's

IOWA
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Cedar Rapids — Halley's
Des Moines — Frankel's
Des Moines — Kucharos
Sioux City — Fox's
Waterloo — L&K Clothing
Waterloo — The Block Knight
Waterloo — Raymond's

KANSAS
Manhattan — Wainberg's
Newton — His Shop
Overland Park — Shepherd's
Topeka — Rey Beels

KENTUCKY
Bowling Green — Heil's Men's Shop
Louisville — Levy Bros.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplan's
Baton Rouge — The Royale Oak
Baton Rouge — Arthur's
Baton Rouge — Cohn Turner
Baton Rouge — Goudcheux's
Baton Rouge — J. Howard Ltd.
Baton Rouge — Berenson's
Bogalousa — The Royale Oak
Hammond — Abdalla's
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's
Lafayette — J. Howard Ltd.
Lake Charles — Haneline's
Monroe — J. Howard Ltd.
Monroe — Caplan's
Natchitoches — Abadalla's
New Iberia — Gemelli's
New Orleans — Hasse's Sportswear
New Orleans — M. Ponce
New Orleans — Porter's Stevens
New Orleans — Rubenstein Bros.
Ruston — J. Howard Ltd.

MARYLAND
Bethesda — Style Guide
Hagerstown — De Vone's
La Plata — P. S. Bowling & Co.
Parkesville — Max Margolis
Rockville — George & Co.
Salisbury — Ralph & Gaskill

MASSACHUSETTS
Canton — Martin Edwards Ltd.
Fall River — Empire
Westfield — Eaton's

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor — Anton's
Bay City — Marvin's
Bay City — Oppenheim's
Dawson — Homer Hill
Detroit — Jack's Place
Detroit — Harry's Clothing
Detroit — Leclair
Detroit — Van Horn's
Flint — Binder's
Flint — Marvin's
Flushing — Nomer Hill
Grand Haven — Baes
Grand Rapids — Jurgens & Heitvluwer
Grand Rapids — William Klein
Hillsdale — Lokker Rutgers
Kalamazoo — Koos Knepper
Mt. Clemens — Anton's
Oak Park — Shifman's
Pontiac — Oemun's
Rochester — Oemun's
Saginaw — Edward's
Saginaw — Van Horn's
St. Clair Shores — Wate's
Southfield — Jack's Place
Southfield — Osmun's
Warren — Anton's
Warren — Osmun's

MINNESOTA
Apple Valley — Cedric's
La Verne — Creeger's
[illegible] — Brown Clo.
[illegible] — Cedric's
[illegible] — Eklund Clo. Co.
[illegible] — Stag Shop
[illegible] — Hanny's
St. Cloud — Men's Store
[illegible] — Cedric's
[illegible] — Field-Schick
[illegible] — Jack Reymend's
[illegible] — Van Arsdall's

MISSISSIPPI
[illegible] — Lohen's
Greenwood — Stein Tailors Phil's
Gulfport — The Stag Shop
Jackson — Gayler's
Jackson — Steven's
Laurel — Hamilton Graves
Meridian — Brumfield's
Meridian — Marks Rothenberg
Meridian — Harry Mayer
Natchez — Benoist Bros.
Tupelo — Rage For Men
Vicksburg — The Stag Shop

MISSOURI
Hannibal — Spence Clothing
Independence — Harry Smith's
Kansas City — Michael's

NEBRASKA
Norfolk — Berle's

NEW HAMPSHIRE
[illegible] — Morton's

NEW JERSEY
All Stores — B & B Lorrye
Burlington — Lee Newman
Flemington — Lee Newman
East Brunswick — Miller's
Princeton — Town Shop Clothiers
Hightstown — Zimmerman's
Westfield — John Franks
Wildwood — Allen's

NEW YORK
All Stores — B & B Lorrye
Albany — Specter's
Auburn — Homick's
Buffalo — C & B Men's Shop
Buffalo — Harry's Clothing
Buffalo — Kleinhans
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Fishkill — Al Weiss
Johnson City — Ben's Clothes Shop
Manopac — Morettini's
Newburgh — Al Weiss
North Syracuse — Gary's
Oswego — Rose Men's Wear
Rochester — The National
Rochester — Zaff's
Valley Stream — Trass

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte — Harris-Hart
Durham — Van Straaten's
Durham — Young Mens Shop
Nags Head — The Galleon
Raleigh — McLeod Watson & Lanier
Wilson — The Country Squire

NORTH DAKOTA
Devil's Lake — Glickson's
Fargo — Fargo Toggery

OHIO
Akron — Leng's
Canton — Jos. Slaughter
Cincinnati — McAlpin's
Cincinnati — Shillito's
Cleveland — Harry's Clothing
Cleveland — Windsor Men's Shops
Columbus — Harry's Clothing
Dayton — Elder Beerman
Defiance — The Squire Shop
Findlay — The Toggery
Fremont — Lytle's
Kenton — Stuart Hamilton's
Louisville — Chuck's
Marion — The Toggery
Solon — Wickliffe's

OKLAHOMA
Altus — Austin's
Enid — Austin's
Muskogee — S & O Clothiers
Oklahoma City — King Size Clothes
Ponca City — Austin's
Tulsa — King Size Clothes

PENNSYLVANIA
Bethlehem — Ort's
Camp Hill — De Vone's
Lancaster — De Vone's
Lebenon — De Vone's
Lebanon — Lawn's
Meadville — Walden
Nanticoke — Al's Men's Shop
North East — Kinge Kloset
Philadelphia — Berry's
Philadelphia — Lee Newman
[illegible] — The Coach House
York — De Vone's

RHODE ISLAND
All Stores — Donnelly's
Burlington — Hansens

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen — Jorgensen's
Sioux Falls — Norman's
Sioux Falls — Wilson's

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Cooley's
Memphis — James Davis
Memph — Laneky Bros.
Memphis — The Oxford Shop
Murfreesboro — The Men's Shop
Nashville — Belmont Man's Shop
Southern — Clyde Phillips
Johnson City — Bennett's

TEXAS
Arlington — Frank's King Size
Arlington — Watson's
Austin — Frank's King Size
Beaumont — J. Howard Ltd.
Beaumont — George Wilson's
Dallas — Cochran's
Dallas — Winstead's
Dallas — Roland Ellis
Dallas — Frank's King Size
Dallas — Irby Mayes
Dallas — King Size Clothes
Dallas — Tall E Ho
Houston — Lilley's
Houston — Brumley's
Ft. Worth — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Cox's
Ft. Worth — David's King Size Clo.
Ft. Worth — Frank's King Size
Ft. Worth — L. O. Hammons
Groves — Dryden's
Harlingen — The Sportsmen
Henderson — Earl's
Houston — Barcelona's
Houston — Foley's
Houston — Genia
Houston — The New Heritage
Houston — King Size Clothes
Humble — Genia
Huntsville — Tailor's Bench
Kilgore — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Lubbock — Frank's King Size
Odessa — Jim's Tall & Big
Odessa — The Model Shop
San Antonio — Duffy T's King Size
Tyler — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Waco — Cox's

UTAH
Ogden — Dahle's
Salt Lake City — Dahle's
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

VIRGINIA
All Stores — The Hub
Annandale — The Quality Shop
Arlington — The Quality Shop
McLean — George & Co.
Richmond — Flanen's
Roanoke — Mitchell's

WASHINGTON
Everett — Smalley's
Spokane — The Crescent
Spokane — Harvey's

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley — Lilly's
Charleston — Kelley's
Huntington — Amsbary & Johnsen
Princeton — The Stag
Richwood — The Clothesmen
Wheeling — Crane's
Williamson — The Man's Shop

WISCONSIN
Delavan — Mathisen's Clothiers
Green Bay — Neu's
Janesville — Chas. V. Weise
La Crosse — Newburg's
Milwaukee — Gieringer's
Milwaukee — M. Hyman & Son
Milwaukee — Stock Bros.
Sheboygan — Kreas Hertel

GUAM
Agana — M. V. Pangilinan

PUERTO RICO
Aibonito — Daben
Bayamon — Mercier
Laguna Gardens — Daben
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three days in a row, they won in the last inning. First came Larry Haney's single in the 12th that defeated Baltimore 2–1. Then, after Joe Rudi doubled in the tying run in the ninth against Detroit, Phil Garner gave Oakland a 6–5 victory with a 10th-inning single. A day later, with the Tigers up 5–3 in the ninth, the A's tied the score on Rudi's single and won 6–5 on Don Baylor's hit. Oakland (4-2) also overhauled Cleveland when Rudi slammed a two-run homer in the ninth for the last of his 11 RBIs during the week.

The Twins (2-2) also proved the truth of the "last out" aphorism. Trailing the Yankees and Catfish Hunter 4–2 with one out in the ninth, they seemed doomed. But Hunter disobeyed Catcher Thurman Munson's signal for a low pitch on a 1-2 delivery to Lyman Bostock, who poked a fat slider into the seats to tie the score. It was Bostock's first major league home run in 387 at bats. Next up was rookie Butch Wynegar, who slammed *his* first homer for a 5–4 win.

Although it is not a baseball maxim, the Royals (2-3) found a lesson in that old saying—don't count your chickens (runs) before they're hatched (official). Not only did Kansas City lose a run, it also lost what would have been a 9–8 win over the Yankees and wound up losing by that margin instead. It all happened because Jim Wohlford, who apparently had scored the go-ahead run, was out on an appeal play for missing third on his way home after a single by John Mayberry.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

WILLIE HORTON: The designated hitter for Detroit went 12 for 22 (.545), scored six times, drove across 11 runs and walloped three home runs, one of them a three-run blast that carried the Tigers to a 7-6 victory over the Rangers.

Dave Chalk hit .438, Bruce Bochte .389 and Bobby Bonds .400, but California still lost three of five. The wins came when Nolan Ryan muffled the Orioles 5–0 on three hits and 12 strikeouts and Frank Tanana subdued Baltimore 9–4 on five hits and 12 whiffs.

Manager Frank Lucchesi fumed when Tiger officials denied his request to have his Rangers take batting practice on a day off in Detroit. But the Rangers (2-3) got in their licks and held on to first place by pounding out nine hits in a 5–4 defeat of the Tigers.

Chicago (1-3) tried to cool it, wearing dark blue cutoff clamdigger-style trousers when the weather heated up. But the Blue Pants gave up 28 runs and were unable to nab any of eight base stealers.

TEX 7-5 OAK 7-0 KC 5-6
CHI 4-3 CAL 5-8 MINN 4-7



Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Big scare for the Bullies

Philadelphia's Stanley Cup champions survived the Toronto war, while New York's Islanders routed Buffalo and charged off to battle Montreal

For soul-searching inspiration, Coach Fred Shero likes to have the Philadelphia Flyers bivouac at a hideaway in Valley Forge, not far from where Washington once camped for the winter. Last Sunday the Flyers—those Broad St. Bullies who have made the penalty box just another toll booth on the road to the Stanley Cup—were plainly worried and in need of inspiration. So there they were at Valley Forge, waiting to leave for the Spectrum after having just spent the night tossing and turning from the recurring nightmare of Toronto's Darryl Sittler rifling five—yes, five—goals past Bernie Parent as the Maple Leafs tied their best-of-seven quarterfinal-round Stanley Cup series at three games apiece.

"You always think that maybe you'll get beat," said Left Wing Ross Lonsberry, "but I never thought it would come to this." Or as Right Wing Don Saleski, who had been charged with assault for his activities in one game but scored the three-goal hat trick Tuesday night, put it grimly, "It scares me, all the things that can happen when the whole season comes down to one game."

Shero abandoned his usual poetic and philosophic pregame rhetoric and flat-out warned his Flyers to eliminate the cheap penalties they had been taking at a record pace—or there would be no champagne-filled cup for Philadelphia this spring. "I don't want to hear one more word about violence," Shero said. "Not until next September. Until then we play hockey, do you hear?"

That night, it was tense and hot in the Spectrum. One banner THE FLYERS WILL AVENGE THE PHILA 4—captured the mood of the Philadelphia crowd, incensed by the assault charges against four Flyers in Toronto for alleged acts of aggression in Games 3 and 6. Surprisingly, the Flyers started slowly, and with Maple Leaf Defenseman Borje Salming, the main subject of the crowd's verbal scorn, controlling play, Toronto had a 2–1 lead early in the second period. Then it happened. Saleski, one of the Philadelphia Four, beat Wayne Thomas on the short side for the tying goal, and suddenly the Maple Leafs collapsed under a storm of pressure applied by Philadelphia's robust checkers.

Rookie Mel Bridgman, another charged Flyer, rapped a rebound past Thomas at 5:48 to give Philadelphia a 3–2 lead, and 16 seconds later he backhanded another shot past Thomas to make it 4–2. Lonsberry concluded the blitz at 7:59, giving the Flyers four goals in three minutes and 16 seconds, and when the game was over they had a decisive 7–3 victory. Better still, not one Flyer was hauled into court.

Having narrowly escaped disaster, Philadelphia now squares off against the Boston Bruins, who shut out the Los Angeles Kings 3–0 in their seventh game Sunday night, in one best-of-seven semifinal series, while the Montreal Canadiens, who rested again last week after having eliminated the Chicago Black Hawks in four straight games, battle the feisty New York Islanders in the other. Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman was so concerned about the Islanders that he personally scouted their 4–3 victory over the Sabres in Buffalo on Tuesday night, then dispatched retired Coach Toe Blake to inspect them as they ousted the Sabres with a 3–2 win Thursday night on Long Island. "The Islanders don't make many mistakes," Bowman said. "Maybe the only way to beat them is to let them win the first few games."

What Bowman meant is that in their two-year playoff history the Islanders have specialized in the pulsating rally from the brink of defeat rather than in the quiet comfort of quick, easy triumphs. Last spring, New York lost the first three games of its quarterfinal series to Pittsburgh but roared back to beat the Penguins by taking four straight. Then the Islanders lost the first three games to Philadelphia in the semifinal but still forced the Flyers to a seventh game before bowing out.

Understandably, there had been little pessimism among the Islanders when

continued



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$3358.85, if you really care to know about the small change. (Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. Tax, license, destination charge and available equipment, like the $32 white stripe tires and $118 sport equipment above, are additional. In California, see your Chevy dealer for prices and power team combinations.)



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The Towne Coupe's tough Dura-Built 2.3 Litre 4-cylinder engine is backed by an extraordinary engine guarantee:

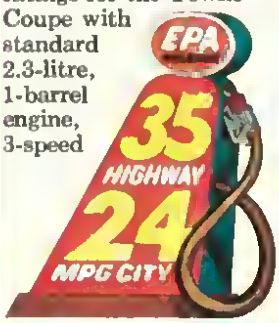
5 YEAR 60,000 MILES

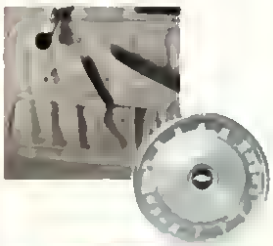
This 5-year/60,000-mile guarantee is an added value feature included in your 1976 Monza.

The Chevrolet guarantee covers 60,000 miles or 5 years, whichever occurs first. The guarantee is for 1976 Monzas equipped with 4-cylinder, 2.3-litre engines. It means that should something go wrong with the engine, your Chevy dealer will fix it free. The guarantee covers repairs to the cylinder block, cylinder head, all internal engine parts, intake and exhaust manifolds, and water pump made necessary because of defects in materials or workmanship. It does not cover repairs required because of accident, misuse or lack of proper maintenance.

See your Chevy dealer for a complete guarantee statement.

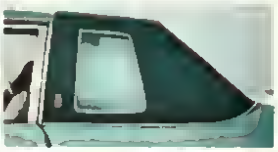
A beautiful car deserves beautiful mileage. EPA ratings for the Towne Coupe with standard 2.3-litre, 1-barrel engine, 3-speed manual transmission, standard rear axle—without air conditioning —are 35 mpg Highway, 24 City. (Remember, EPA mileage ratings are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. For California EPA ratings and power team combinations, see your Chevy dealer.)







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The Cabriolet roof shown here is just one way you can dress up the Towne Coupe to suit your tastes. Other available equipment includes special upholstery, Comfortilt steering wheel, sport equipment, stereo and other good things.

Chevrolet

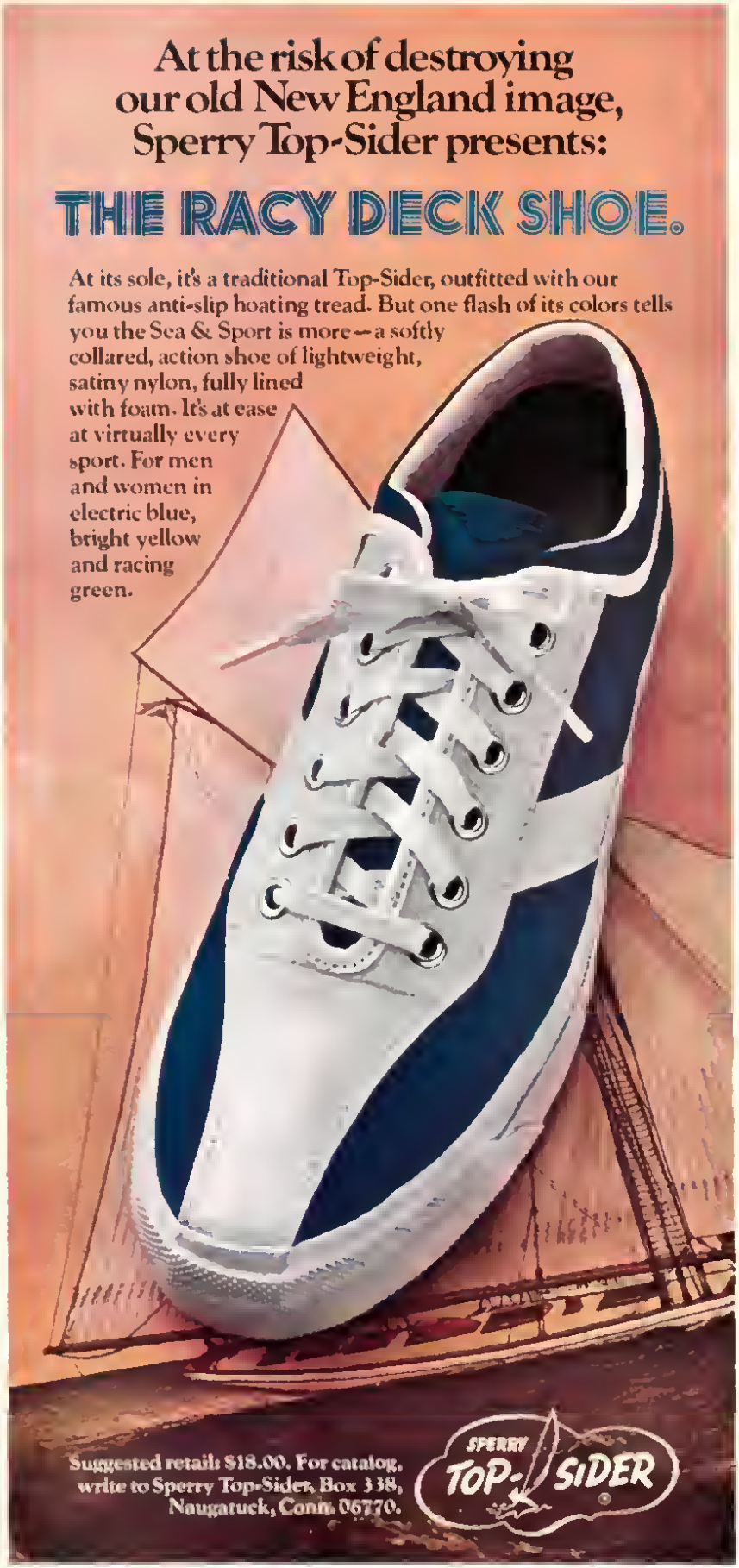
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they dropped their first two games to the Sabres in Buffalo. "We bend but don't break," said General Manager Bill Torrey. Actually, New York's comeback started in the third period of that first defeat when Coach Al Arbour lifted Goaltender Glenn (Chico) Resch, the goalpost-kissing hero of the 1975 playoffs, and replaced him with Battling Billy Smith, the Dave Schultz of NHL netminders. "We've got two No. 1 goalies," said Arbour, explaining his move.

Maybe so. During the regular schedule, however, Resch played the majority of New York's crucial games, had a 2.07 goals-against average that was topped only by Montreal's Ken Dryden, and so captivated the home crowds with his flamboyance that they serenaded him with chants of "Chee-ko, Chee-ko" before, during and after Islander games. For his part, the temperamental Smith preferred to play on the road, far from the Nassau Coliseum crowds that booed him on sight and generally treated him with the derision normally reserved for conductors on the Long Island Railroad.

Playing brilliantly, Smith took the Islanders into overtime in the second game in Buffalo before they lost to the Sabres on a body-shot goal by Danny Gare. Rather than return to Resch when the series moved to Long Island, Arbour stayed with Smith. As Smith skated for his net before the third game, the crowd gave him a Resch-style cheer and began to chant "Bill-lee, Bill-lee." Smith soon set the mood for the rest of the series. Gare, a chippy stick waver who scored 50 goals for Buffalo in his second pro season, parked at Smith's goal mouth and repeatedly rapped his stick against Smith's pads, trying to distract him. No luck. Instead, Smith pounced on Gare, laced him with punches, threw him to the ice and, well, sat on him. The Islanders won the game 5–3, then Smith helped them tie the series with a 4–2 victory as he stymied Buffalo's high-scoring Richard Martin three times with dazzling stops at the goal mouth.

Back in Buffalo, Smith walked dazedly through the hotel lobby before Tuesday's fifth game, muttering nothings to himself and looking like any other psyched-up goaltender. The Sabres beat him twice in the early minutes, but the Islanders predictably stormed back and tied the score at 2–2. Smith, who has a habit of allowing soft goals, gave the Sabres a freak go-ahead score midway

continued

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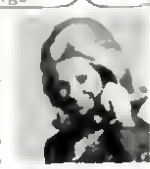


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through the third period when Jim Lorentz' passout from behind the net bounced off his right skate and trickled across the goal line. Depressed, Smith buried his head against the mesh atop the New York goal.

But again the Islanders rallied. Old hand J. P. Parise set up Defenseman Denis Potvin for the tying goal with 4:28 to play. Then the most improbable goal scorer on the ice, Defenseman Bert Marshall, won the game for New York with just 19 seconds remaining. Andre St. Laurent worked the puck over to Marshall, who had not scored a goal all season, and he stopped it inside the blue line. Gare, who should have been checking Marshall, had such little respect for Marshall's shot that he left him completely unattended. "Gerry Desjardins was screened and never saw the puck," Marshall said after his shot passed through countless legs and beat Desjardins to make the final score 4–3. "I don't shoot the puck hard enough for a goaltender to miss it."

There were more cheers of "Bill-lee, Bill-lee" when Smith skated out for the sixth game at the Nassau Coliseum, but at the end Smith was cheering his teammates for the tenacious checking they displayed while limiting the Sabres to just 17 shots at him in New York's 3-2 victory, which put the Islanders into the semifinals. Toward the end Smith did a Cossack skate-dance in his crease as he watched Bryan Trottier, the 19-year-old rookie who may be the best pure center to enter the NHL since Jean Beliveau joined the Canadiens 25 years ago, deliver the ultimate in defensive play.

Desperate for a game-tying goal, the Sabres tried to form a rush four times during the final 43 seconds. On each occasion, Trottier cleanly checked the puck carrier against the boards or dumped him onto the ice—and the puck never cleared the zone. "They all made my work easy," Smith said.

As the Islanders celebrated their series triumph, Jim Schoenfeld, the captain of the Sabres, who had to sit out the final game with a wrist injury, walked through their dressing room and offered his congratulations. Shaking hands with Islander Defenseman Gerry Hart, Schoenfeld said, "You really showed a lot of heart out there, Gerry." Schoenfeld laughed at his pun.

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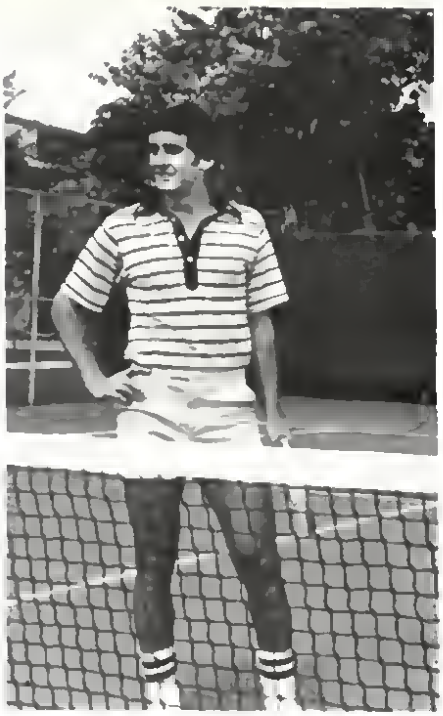


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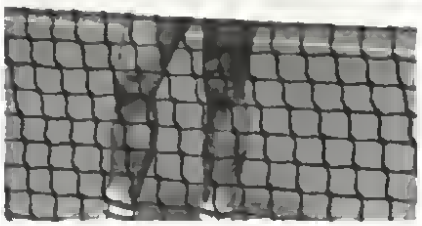
But in the doubles world Freddy McNair (laft) and his partnar Sherwood Stewart are now No. 2

Professional tennis player Freddy McNair has a problem. "Everywhere I go," he says, "I'm always getting confused with the help." While in Florida practicing for a recent World Championship Tennis tournament, he was accosted in the tennis shop by a woman who demanded he rewrap the grip on her racket. Back on the front steps of his hotel another matron told him to trot off and pick up her Eldorado from the parking lot. McNair courteously rewrapped the grip, but balked at playing parking valet. After all, the 36th-ranked singles player in the U.S. figures he deserves a little respect.

Not for his singles, however. McNair, 25, has yet to win a singles match in 1976, and his record last year was just a tad better. But when he takes to the court with his equally anonymous doubles partner, Sherwood Stewart, the 19th-ranked singles player in the country, they usually make their presence felt. After the fuzzy-cheeked McNair and the bearded Stewart, 29, teamed up last June, they won three tournaments, made it to the semis of three others—including Forest Hills—and compiled a remarkable match record of 35-14. That was good enough, in the opinion of the U.S. Tennis Association, to catapult them from nowhere to the No. 2 ranking in the nation for 1976 behind perennial partners Stan Smith and Bob Lutz. McNair and Stewart began their first full season together in February by winning the U.S. Men's Indoor Championship in Salisbury, Md., and through the end of April were 7-1.

Becoming the Avis team of U.S. doubles virtually overnight hasn't made either player a household name, nor has it made them rich. Despite their modest records in singles (Stewart was 22-29 in 1975), each made as much, or more, in singles last year as his share of the $35,000 or so that they split for cleaning out the opposition in doubles. The reason: tournament promoters treat doubles almost as an afterthought. Matches are squeezed into the schedule after the singles, after the celebrity doubles, after the consolation singles and after almost everyone else in town is tucked in bed for the night. The prize money is apportioned accordingly. A player who wins the singles title at a WCT tournament pockets $17,000 for his four match victories. For winning three matches a member of a winning doubles team takes home $2,000. In fact, a second-round singles loser in all but one WCT tour event gets $500 more than each of the champion doubles partners. The purses at As-





sociation of Tennis Professionals tournaments are little better. At the U.S. Open it's considerably worse: last year the winning doubles team made $4,500 while singles champion Manuel Orantes walked away with $25,000.

"It's a travesty," says McNair with understandable pique. "Doubles is half the program on the final day of a tournament. I'm not saying that we should get half the purse, but we ought to at least get a third." And so, tennis fans, after Billie Jean King's successful campaign for equality on the court, we now face the prospect of "doubles lib." Right on, say McNair and Stewart, the charter members of the movement. "If I had two broken legs and could never play tennis again," says McNair, "I'd still be all for it."

If McNair is to be believed, it is because he is that rarity among American tennis brats: he was raised to play doubles. His father, Fred III, a hotshot life-insurance broker from the Washington, D.C. suburb of Chevy Chase, had no plans to live vicariously through his oldest son's athletic achievements. So he started Freddy cutting his competitive teeth at age 10 in the cutthroat world of Father-and-Son tennis.

Freddy had the talent, and his father had the will. In fact, early on, Fred the father had picked up the nickname "Fierce"—as in competitor. They celebrated their first national clay-court title when Freddy was 15—in a roadside tavern, Fierce downing beer and hard-boiled eggs, Freddy knocking back a gallon or so of ginger ale. Before they called it quits in 1972 when Freddy was 21, the pair had won two additional national clay-court titles and three more on grass. To hear McNair *fils* tell it, Father-and-Son was a matchless training ground. "You learn to cover a lot of court in that league," he says. And to lob. Dink the dad was the favorite McNair family tactic.

Stewart, on the other hand, came to tennis through the back door. Down in Goose Creek, Texas, his hometown, football is the sport. And so it was for Stewart, until he came out of a game with a broken foot. His football coach, Paul Wilkins, then the reigning Texas singles champion, recommended tennis as therapy. Stewart never looked back. "I didn't like the idea of getting my brains beaten in every weekend," he says. He became adept enough at beating on a tennis ball to win a tennis scholarship to Lamar Tech in Beaumont, and in 1967 won the national small-college singles title.

A nice way to end a modestly successful career, Stewart thought at the time. He then joined an airborne unit of the National Guard, survived the match-point experience of having a fellow paratrooper land on the top of his billowing parachute and shortly thereafter tried to settle down by selling office products for IBM. But the itch to play more than just weekend tennis returned, and 18 months later, with a $2,500 stake from his paternal grandmother, he set off to scratch it.

There were days when Stewart must have wondered about the wisdom of his grandmother's investment. Like the one in Rotterdam in February 1975, when he tore the meniscus cartilage in his right knee while playing Arthur Ashe. He came home for an operation, began play-

continued

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ing himself back into shape and returned to Europe in time for the Wimbledon walkup at Beckenham. His regular doubles partner, Dick Dell, decided to stay in Paris, however, so Stewart cast about for a stand-in. McNair, a sociable sort who had played with five different partners the previous five weeks, was agreeable to making Sherwood No. 6.

"We had no expectations," says Stewart. "We were playing for fun." The biggest decision they faced was who would play the backhand court, since both were experienced forehand-court players. That, and which game to play at the local gambling casino. With Stewart moving to the backhand side, they blitzed the field, beating Ashe and Roscoe Tanner in the finals. "We were unconscious," says McNair. "We'd lose at the tables at night, then we'd make up our losses on the court the next day. When we beat Arthur and Roscoe, I knew we could be a pretty rough team."

Stewart agreed, and after playing Wimbledon with Dell, he again joined McNair, and the two set off to find out exactly how rough. They won an indoor tournament in San Francisco, jetted to Hawaii and won again—this time outdoors on fast cement. Two days later they stepped off a plane in Madrid, and an hour later won their first match. By the time jet lag caught up to them in the semifinals, they had won 14 straight matches and established themselves as the hottest—and most exhausted—tandem on tour.

Along the way they beat Brian Gottfried and Raul Ramirez, the team most experts considered the best in the world last year. They also discovered that their collective style was a fortuitous blend of their individual strengths. "Sherwood's Mr. Consistency on ad point," says McNair. "Freddy's the gambler at the net," says Stewart. "They have confidence in their partnership," says fellow pro Ray Moore, "and they are well suited to one another. Sherwood is steady, and Freddy makes all the spectacular shots." With his strong serve and even stronger service return, Stewart keeps opponents on the defensive until the lynxlike McNair can position himself for killing volleys. "I keep trying to gain the offensive," says Freddy. "I'm willing to lose a point by poaching in order to disrupt the other team's rhythm and win a few points lat-

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er on." Says Stewart, "We work the middle until we create an opening."

Nothing subtle about that, sniffs Gardnar Mulloy, who teamed with Bill Talbert to win four titles at Forest Hills in the 1940s. "When Billy and I played," says Mulloy, "if we couldn't hit through you, we'd hit over, or around you. Today's game is all power. Everybody tries to bash it by you." True enough, admits McNair, who says that statistics show that 70% of all doubles points today are won with just such bashes at the net.

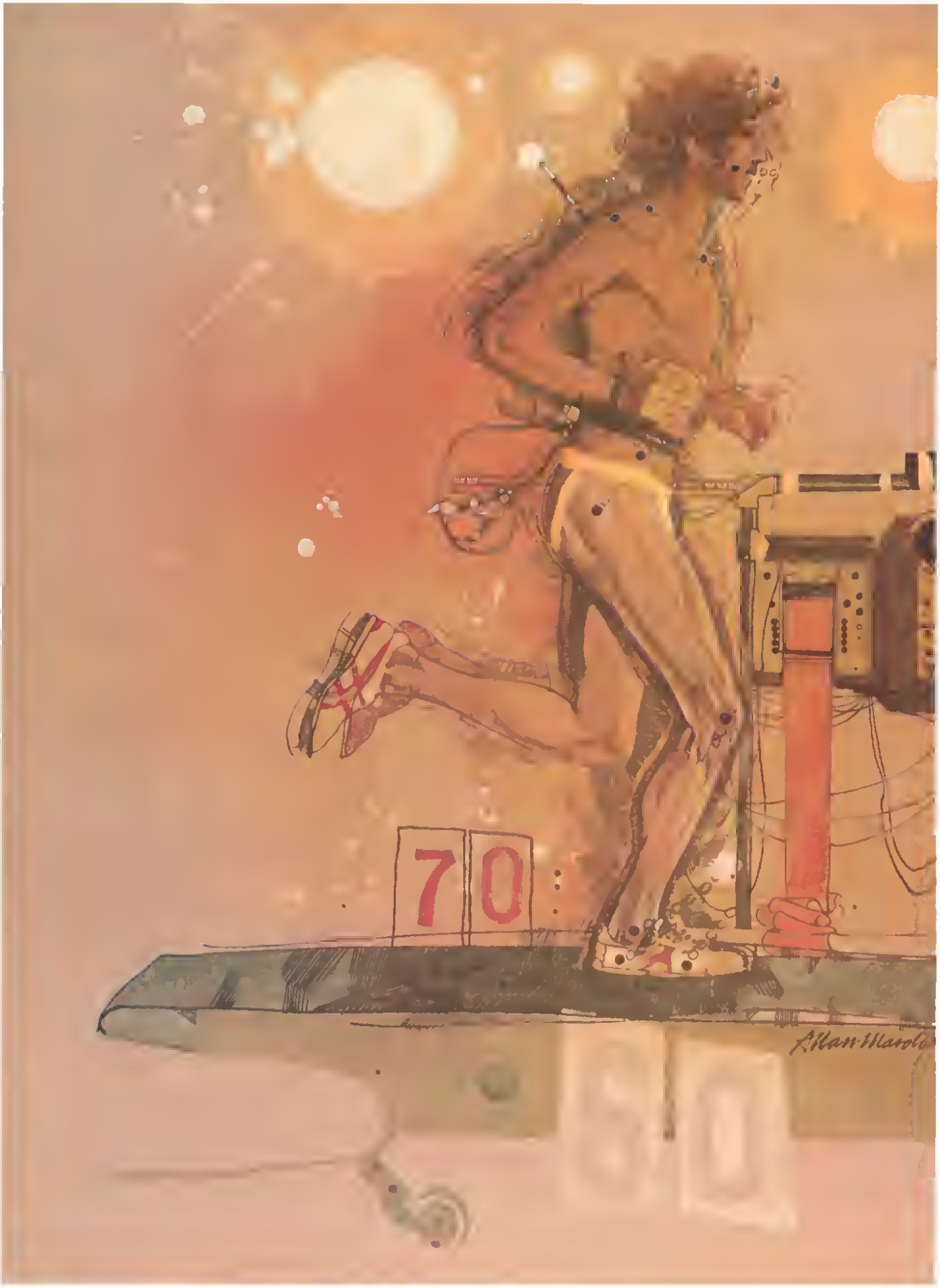
In addition to guile, Mulloy and Talbert used elaborate hand signals. "When I was at the net," says Mulloy, "I'd keep one hand behind my back. If I showed one finger, that meant I was going to poach on Billy's first serve. Two meant I was going on his second and three meant I was going on both. If I made a fist, I wasn't going on either." Stewart and McNair disdain such sophistication. "We operate strictly on instinct," says Stewart. "I can sense when Freddy is going to cross, and I move over to cover for him."

Instinct is O.K. in Mulloy's opinion, but compatibility is even more important. "I've never seen a good team on which the players weren't good friends off the court as well," he says. McNair and Stewart qualify—to a point. "We socialize a lot," says McNair. "We're a lot alike." "C'mon, Freddy," says Sherwood with a smile. "We're incompatible in every way. You're the basic preppie from the East, and I'm the basic poor boy from Texas. Sometimes I can't believe that we actually play together."

The preppie and the poor boy plan to enter every major tournament that will have them this year, from the Italian Open later this month to Forest Hills in September. After that they hope to play in an ATP doubles tournament in Woodlands, Texas that offers a "doubles lib" kind of total purse—$100,000. Their ultimate goal is to win a spot as the 1977 U.S. Davis Cup doubles team.

"The difference between doubles and singles," says McNair, "is the difference between a violin and a Stradivarius. I know that I'm no Stradivarius." "Hold on pahdner," says Stewart. "You ain't no ukulele, either." In fact, if they continue to keep their strings in tune, Smith and Lutz and the rest of their opponents will end up playing second fiddle. END




70



WATCHING THEIR STEPS

A group of world-class distance men submit to scientific analysis in an effort to determine what it is that enables them to run faster and longer

by KENNY MOORE

All told, we were 20 world-class distance runners, Olympic marathon champion Frank Shorter and the late Steve Prefontaine among us. We were gathered on a Dallas winter day 16 months ago, not at a track or a corn-stubbled cross-country course, but in the warmth of the Willow Bend Polo Club, to be spoken to intently over prime sirloin, to have our suspicions allayed. Here were scientists—blood men, muscle men, mind men, the best in the country—asking permission to photograph, probe, exhaust, bleed and work all manner of other discomforts upon us. All, of course, in the interests of science.

We had a right to be suspicious. We knew that research had been going on for decades, the literature advancing glacially along the library shelves, and still no one had explained why Jesse Owens or Bob Hayes or Valery Borzov could run 100 meters faster than anyone else or why Shorter dominated the marathon. In brief, exactly what factors of blood and nerve and chemistry allow one human muscle to be faster, stronger or more enduring than another?

As science had not supplied much of an answer to this question, coaching knowledge developed through trial and error. The sport of track and field has been advanced by stubborn crackpots trying such deviant methods as flopping backward over the high-jump bar or running 250 miles per week in training. Athletes, the beneficiaries of such progress, tend to identify with the crackpots.

Many of us were reluctant, too, because science seldom had acted in our

continued

interests. Blood had been taken from some of us in 1971 under the pretense that it was part of the U.S. Olympic Committee exam necessary to enter the Pan-American Games. The last man in line, Marty Liquori, refused, was permitted to join the team anyway, and so proved that the rest of us had been deceived. The blood, it turned out, had gone to a private study, the results of which were never made known to the athletes.

But here was Dr. Mike Pollock, a candid and earnest man, director of the Institute for Aerobics Research, saying we had reason to hope for better. He explained that research had developed ways of isolating and measuring those systems that combine to produce excellence in distance running. Tests of muscle tissue, body composition, cardiovascular function, biomechanical efficiency and psychological traits had been developed which seemed to show a complex but decipherable pattern. To prove the usefulness of what had been found, we were to submit to the most comprehensive study ever done on world-class distance runners, then run a six-mile race to compare test results and racing performance.

"Will you be able to predict the winner?" asked Prefontaine.

"We're sure not making any guarantees," said Pollock, "but we'll take a shot at it."

"This I gotta see."

We were to be bloodied early. Muscle biopsies were scheduled at the aerobics institute after dinner. "The secrets of differences between athletes reside in their adaptation to training," said Dr. David Costill of the Ball State University Human Performance Laboratory. "The major adaptation, we now think, comes not in the cardiovascular system, as we used to believe, but right in the muscle cells or fibers." Dr. Costill showed slides of muscle tissue taken in previous biopsies, identifying the two kinds of fibers everyone has in voluntary muscle: the "slow twitch," that is used for long-distance work, and the "fast twitch," which contracts more rapidly and is used mainly for short bursts. The fiber types have different chemistries, and the proportion of fast and slow fibers, genetically fixed throughout one's life, was thought to be as much as 90%, one way or another. Different sorts of running, Costill had found, exhaust the two types of fibers and their fuel (glycogen) differently. Hard bursts drain it from the fast twitch, long runs from the slow. It stood to reason that sprinters would be endowed with more fast-twitch fibers, distance runners with slow-twitch, and this Costill hoped to confirm.

A point of philosophy seemed unavoidable here. If Costill found that the best distance runners all have at least, say, 70% slow-twitch fibers or that the best sprinters have an equally lopsided share of fast-twitch cells, the results would be applicable at once to helping beginners select which events to train for, but they would also be a blow to that school of exhortation which has held, loudly, that you'll never know how good you are unless you try. It *will* be possible to know, not that someone will be a champion but that great numbers of eager kids will not.

To put at ease those of us who had not had the operation done before, Costill explained that an area on the outside of the calf would be anesthetized. A quarter-inch incision would be made and special needlelike instrument inserted into the muscle, where it would snip out a cross section of a number of fibers. "This is to give you an idea of the tiny amount of tissue we extract," he said, and onto the screen came a picture of about six pounds of perforated liver.

When order had been restored, Costill reassured us that the bit of muscle lost would be regenerated within a month or two. "We've sampled some runners 20 to 30 times, and they're running better than ever."

"They're lighter," said Prefontaine. "I'm leaving."

In fact, he went first. Mike Manley, the Olympic steeplechaser, accompanied him and returned, excited, to tell us about it. "Pre thought the alcohol prep they rub on your leg before starting was anesthetic. 'More, more,' he kept saying. 'I can still feel it.' Then when the real anesthetic needle went in, he hollered, 'Wait! I can still *feel*!' "



Prefontaine, the most visibly defiant of an aloof breed, was a man who developed his loyalties on his own terms. Having been so much in demand for five years as the country's best distance runner, he had become sensitive to being used for the benefit of others. As the Dallas weekend wore on and he got to know the researchers, one could see his commitment growing. But coming out of the biopsy room he said, "I wouldn't do *that* again. It wasn't when they cut the skin initially, but when they cut inside, when they dug it out."

After the last man had limped away, Costill observed that runners were far less squeamish than any other group. "They're best at this because they are good at controlling their bodies." He agreed with the runners' view that simply knowing what to expect is the key to overcoming discomfort, not any sort of innate high pain threshold. Inuring oneself to the pain of running hard is a trick born of practice, not something given or denied at birth. "The threshold concept is a cop-out," said Prefontaine.

When Costill's analysis was com-



plete, it was clear that we had substantiated the fast-slow twitch theory. Gary Tuttle, a rapidly improving long-distance runner from Ventura, Calif., proved to have 98% slow-twitch fibers. Olympic 10,000-meter runner Jeff Galloway had 96%. Men whose best races called for more speed turned out to have the cells for it. Three-miler Paul Geis of Oregon was 79% slow, 21% fast. Prefontaine, a 3:54.6 miler, was 77% slow, 23% fast.

So can we now sample a child's muscle tissue and judge the stamina of the adult? Not quite. Every runner's fiber ratio fits the expected pattern but one. Don Kardong, an amiable sixth-grade teacher from Seattle, one of half a dozen Americans ever to break 13 minutes for three miles and a good marathoner, had only 53% slow-twitch fibers. "But his slow fibers were large," reported Costill. Strangely, Kardong is not known for a blazing finish, while Galloway, calling on but 4% sprint fibers, is dangerous over the last lap. Thus, judging a distance runner's prospects solely from his or her endowment of slow-twitch fibers is no sure thing. But the average for the best men distance runners in the U.S. is 79% slow, 21% fast, a finding that certainly lengthens the odds against athletes with sprinters' gifts becoming accomplished distance runners.

Each participant in the Dallas study was lodged with a member of the Aerobics Activity Center. It was late that first night when I limped into the home of Harriett and Calvin Cooper. I was to fast until the following day's blood tests, so there was little to do but sit wanly for a few minutes and go to bed. The anesthetic was wearing off. My calf was stiffening and beginning to throb. As Harriett showed me to the guest room I sensed a stickiness in my lower pants leg. I drew up the cuff and found a rather rapid crimson stream flowing from the taped incision down into my shoe.

Perhaps it is kinder to pass over the ensuing few seconds of clamor and faintness. In the bathroom, brief pressure stopped the bleeding. Once into bed I remembered I'd promised to call home. I picked up the extension on the night table and heard Harriett, her voice filled with maternal compassion, say, "He's wounded, and they won't let him *eat*, and the poor man is already so skinny I don't see how he can stand. . . ."

In the morning Mike Pollock set about finding exactly how skinny—or "lean," as he graciously put it—the finest runners are. Tenderly, Pollock and his assistants, John Ayers and Ann Ward, measured our narrow, naked dimensions. Then, with chilly calipers, they determined the thickness of our skin and subcutaneous fat at assorted locations. After our lung volumes were measured on the spirometer we were weighed underwater, sitting in a bosun's chair hung from a scale into a murky green tank. We were requested to blow out all the air we could and slowly bend beneath the surface, waiting in warm suspension until we heard a tapping, the signal to arise. Manley came up dripping, to be told he weighed 25 pounds underwater. "That's as dense as we've ever seen a runner," said Ayers.

"That's what my wife has been telling me for years," said Manley.

In a while the word on our percentages of body fat began going around. Previous studies had predicted very fit male runners would be 6 to 10% fat. Yet Manley registered 2.5% and Gary Tuttle 1.3%. "The formulas that are generally used to determine body fat from skinfold measures turn out to overpredict for leaner people," Pollock said. Later he would come up with a new formula based on two simple measurements: thigh skinfold and shoulder width. "This can help the coach," he said. "He can use a fat caliper and assess the progress of his athletes toward the world-class kind of leanness, which we now know is between 2 and 6% fat."

Once measured and weighed, we were wrapped against the wind and chauffeured to Dallas Medical City Hospital,

continued

a shining new facility rising above leafless gray oaks, its corridors hung with Navajo rugs and posters from the Whitney Museum. In a room illuminated only by an oscilloscope's eerie orange glow, beneath a confusion of electrode wires and murmuring attendants, lay Jim Johnson, the 1974 AAU steeplechase champion, a pale, still, little form. Above him a massive white-coated technician pressed an instrument resembling an antique telephone receiver to Johnson's chest. This was part of the echocardiograph, a sort of miniature sonar that can plumb the internal workings of the body with sound and, by measuring the echoes, produce pictures of a beating heart, complete to the thickness of valves. The information appeared on the screen as cloudy orange patterns, like geologic strata, each blotch carrying a message for trained eyes. "A wonderful thing," whispered one of the attending doctors. "So much information. And it's absolutely noninvasive."

After a time Johnson was unhooked, sponged, dried and led, blinking, across the hall. I took my place on the bed and a couple of technicians began affixing electrodes—that strangely soothing process of daubing selected spots with a gel that enhances electrical contact, pressing on the little suction-cup electrodes, taping them over and carefully gathering the wires into a cable. For this examination they salved the inside of my calves and attached wires there as well. Lying in the gloom, still having had nothing to eat since the afternoon before, I found myself relaxing, giving myself over to the researchers in a kind of trusting peace. Allowing my head to fall to the left, I saw the scope's running orange ribbons changing in thickness in time with my pulse. I wondered, if I were left to watch these pictures of my heart's performance, whether I could somehow begin to consciously manipulate them, to will the function of my heart. I know one marathoner, John Farrington of Australia, who can depress his heartbeat to as low as 20 per minute. (The average marathoner's pulse at rest is in the 40s. The average person's is 60 to 80.)

Before I could see any change, however, I was unhooked and directed across the hall to another bed, another careful wiring, this time in a lighted room. It was explained by the doctor in charge that this was vectorelectrocardiography, plotting signals from different electrodes against one another on coordinates. The end product is a piece of graph paper with a loop on it. The experience was that of lying quietly while the doctor, dressed in a hospital gown, incanted over the little computer that did all the work. "I love this machine," he said, hugging himself. "I simply love it." He did a little dance.

Later we had still more electrocardiograms taken while running on a treadmill. When the results were in, it was found that 10 of the 20 runners showed abnormal or equivocal EKG findings either at rest or after stress. "I'm not sure what they mean," said Dr. Larry Gibbons of the Aerobics Center clinic. "Some of the resting abnormalities would be worthy of concern and a follow-up if one of you just walked into a doctor's office for a checkup without explaining that you're a world-class runner. Once you told him that, he'd probably realize that the voltage evidence of hypertrophy would be normal, not the unbalanced hypertrophy of a sick heart. But most intriguing are the five men who showed abnormalities while running hard. We really didn't expect to see that."

Said Dr. Kenneth Cooper of aerobics fame, "This will be a classic study because we can now say these irregularities are a normal world-class-athlete phenomenon."

(It would be nice if the word got around. All runners have heard of cases where fit athletes have been hospitalized or ordered to quit because of an anomaly on an EKG. Kerry O'Brien of Australia, a former world-record holder in the steeplechase, was told by Swedish cardiologists that he had an inverted T-wave and should discontinue running. Later he found he had had the same condition since 1968 and that it had not affected him in his races.)

Then it was time for our first real effort: the test for maximal oxygen consumption, conducted on Mike Pollock's treadmill. In this test one is fitted with a helmet, which holds a mouthpiece securely against teeth and gums. A flexible tube carries breath to a row of gas bags ranged along one side, below banks of instruments. The treadmill is situated on a platform, so high that the runner's head would strike the ceiling were it not for a small recess directly above. The unfamiliar weight of the helmet and the enclosed surroundings produce a claustrophobic sensation. Once accustomed to the machine, we did a submaximal run—seven minutes at 10 mph, then accelerating to 12 mph for another five minutes—while the instruments recorded our oxygen uptake, our heart rate and EKG.

During a brief stop, we sat panting, dripping sweat while blood samples and blood pressures were taken. Then we got back up and went off at 11 mph, the treadmill increasing in slope 2½% every two minutes. The pace was not difficult, but when the incline steepened, it rapidly became work. After six minutes, when the old feeling of barely controlled panic came on and one had to keep a vigilant will, it was hard, far harder than running on a track, because there was no observable progress, nothing moving past, nothing ahead to shoot for, just a black indifferent wastebasket. I went 7½ minutes, and as soon as I was off I knew that I hadn't approached my best. Afterward, most runners were unusually quiet, washed out, without any of the glow that comes after a race well run, or even after a time trial. Shorter hated the test and stepped off after seven minutes, saying later, "You know how Pollock teaches you hand signals [to keep people from shaking their heads and ripping the tubes out of the machine]—well, at the end there I was ready to give him a hand signal everybody knows."

Prefontaine, as ever, was the exception. On the treadmill he was transformed. He drew his arms up high, hooking with his elbows as he ran, visibly fighting the machine, raging against it for the final minute. He ran not with the kind of unseeing inward acceptance of pain that the rest of us showed, but beetle-browed, furious. He complained at the prick of the needle as he sat heaving afterward, but quickly rose in an astonishing good humor. "I feel stimulated, invigorated from that," he said. "I feel ready to run, more than I have in weeks." A week later he would run a 3:58.6 indoor mile at College Park, Md., but now it turned out that he had done something far more important for the scientists.

"Prefontaine's oxygen uptake of 84.4 ml-kg x min. is one of the highest ever recorded in a runner," said Pollock. "This is the volume of oxygen that a body is able to consume during maximum stress. It reflects on the ability of oxygen transport systems, the lungs and heart and blood vessels." The average for the

continued



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world-class runners was 76.9 ml-kg x min. (Average for normal runners: 46.5.) At the low end of the spectrum was Shorter with a score of 71.2 ml-kg x min., a striking finding since his three-mile and six-mile times were nearly identical to Prefontaine's (12:52 and 12:51.4, respectively, in the three-mile).

This discrepancy Pollock attempted to explain by noting that the runners seemed to fall into two groups, which he termed middle distance and long distance. The middle-distance runners were those whose best races were at six miles or less; the long-distance men were marathoners. The prime example of the first group, Prefontaine, held most American records through 10,000 meters but hated to run, even slowly, for more than 20 miles. The archetypal long-distance runner was Shorter. Comparing the two groups' scores, Pollock found a clear difference. "The long-distance runners use three to four milliliters of oxygen less than middle-distance men at all speeds. In terms of oxygen consumed, they are significantly more efficient." Why? What allowed Shorter to keep up with Prefontaine, even though he used 16% less oxygen at the various speeds tested? Here, finally, it seemed research was entering an area that promised to improve performance. Discover what Shorter's compensatory quality was, and there was a chance it would be learnable.

"Unfortunately, we haven't the slightest idea how to account for it," said Pollock, but he reasoned that efficiency had to be gained in one of two ways. "The long-distance runners either get more work out of what oxygen they do take in or they run in a manner that doesn't require as much energy. The one would be chemical, inside the muscle cells. The other would be biomechanical, a question of coordination."

The biomechanical inquiry was up to Peter Cavanagh of Penn State, an energetic young Briton who bears a likeness to pictures of Edgar Allan Poe. "Essentially, we're studying the elements of style," he said to us. "We need measurements of your running movements and of the forces that cause them. Runners use energy to fight wind and gravity and for accelerating and decelerating their limb segments. What we'll do is ascertain from your measurements the weights and centers of gravity of your running equipment, then photograph you running on a treadmill at different speeds while you wear a biaxial accelerometer. We're interested in how much energy you're wasting."

Cavanagh's test was the most spectacular of the performances expected of us, first because eventually we were to reach a 4:15-mile pace, and also because the two synchronized cameras shooting 100 frames per second required banks of blazing lights, and finally because we ran without our shorts. Moreover, to facilitate analysis of the pictures, black spots were painted on each runner's shoulder, elbow, hip, knee, ankle, foot and cheek as well as on the chest, abdomen, forehead and chin. As soon as testing was begun in the Aerobics Center lounge, signs appeared on all the doors: FILMING, NO ENTRANCE. "Apparently Dr. Cooper didn't want to offend the delicate sensitivities of Texas ladies with the sight of subjects in their jocks," said Cavanagh. Signs or not, each time someone was on the machine a hushed crowd gathered. "It felt like a scene from a Fellini movie," said Don Kardong. "The running near-naked with all the people staring, the strange black spots. . . ."

The runners' unfamiliarity with the test was one of Cavanagh's main concerns and, in fact, Geis was clearly uneasy on the treadmill, while Phillip Ndoo of Kenya and Eastern New Mexico (on whom white spots had to be painted) actually fell off.

After months of analysis Cavanagh isolated several areas of mechanical interest. One had to do with trunk acceleration. "Each runner has his own pattern, of course, but some are very consistent and symmetrical, stride after stride," he reported. "Others are consistent but asymmetric, and a third group is inconsistent, never quite finding equilibrium. This is the most promising area for giving feedback to runners. Eventually we'll be able to show a man his patterns on the spot as he runs, and he'll be able to work for consistency."

A second key finding was foot placement. "Viewed from the front, we watched where the runner planted his foot in relation to the midline," Cavanagh's report read. "Some crossed over. Prefontaine, especially, crossed his right foot to the left side. We found that amazing." Prefontaine's competitors always found it less so. As a track man runs half his races on a left-turning curve, cross-

continued

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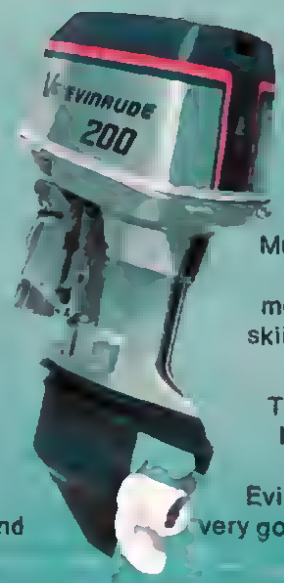
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ing the right or outside foot may be an advantage. Prefontaine ran curves more smoothly and closer to the curb than any of us.

Finally, the researchers addressed themselves to long-distance runners' efficiency. Frank Shorter seemed to waste little energy, but others of high oxygen efficiency had biomechanical flaws. "In this we haven't been too successful," said Cavanagh. "It may be more appropriate to look to subcellular data for answers."

That brought the question back to Costill and, in effect, to where we began. "Frankly, I'm stumped," he said. "I just can't explain how the finest marathoners can be so incredibly efficient." Clearly the direction research will take is into the inner workings of the muscle cells where mitochondria and enzymes manage the production of energy from fuel and oxygen, but Costill held out no hope for a quick solution. He spoke of painstaking experiments requiring cell-by-cell analysis. "We've got it narrowed, but I don't know if we'll ever explain all the complexities of human muscle adaptation," he said. "It might not be such a wonderful thing if we did. It would certainly disappoint the 99%, who would find that no matter how they tried, they could never become champions."

On the evening of our arrival, Bill Morgan, a psychologist from the University of Wisconsin, had circulated personality inventories—lists of questions related to one's levels of guilt, self-confidence and satisfaction. Three years before, through a combination of psychological and physiological data, Morgan and several others had predicted nine of the 10 wrestlers who would make the 1972 Olympic team, so he had our attention. In the hush before we began, steeplechaser Doug Brown whispered, "Who's going to read the questions to Geis?" Paul, giggling, clapped his hands and took on an expression of vacant delight. He had just made a perfect 4.0 for the quarter at Oregon.

The results of the tests actually went some way toward explaining such behavior. "World-class runners have a psychology similar to world-class wrestlers or oarsmen," said Morgan later. "They are all lower than the general population in neuroticism, depression, anxiety. This suggests that one prerequisite for success is a psychological profile characterized by stability, by desirable mental health. Runners are stable to the point of being aloof, even defiant."

In a private interview each runner had with the psychologist, Prefontaine gave Morgan a taste of defiance. Asked for short answers to three simple questions (how he began running, why he continued, what he thought about in races), Prefontaine grew impatient with the seeming shallowness of the interview. Before it concluded he had delivered a spontaneous lecture on what running was for him: "A race is a work of art that people can look at and be affected in as many ways as they're capable of understanding."

Later Morgan speculated that this allowed some insight into why Prefontaine sometimes did not satisfy himself even with a winning, record-breaking race. "He was trying for something that only the other participants might be able to understand." Because Prefontaine was never more articulate on the subject than he was with Morgan, his races must speak for themselves.

Yet there was method behind Morgan's exasperatingly simple questions. In asking what we thought about in a long race (the single question runners hear more than any other), he was looking for something he had noted before, a way of dealing with the prolonged pain of running hard. In Boston he had worked with distinctly nonworld-class marathoners—men slower than 2½ hours (the U.S. best is Bill Rodgers' 2.09:55). "I found that these men all used a cognitive strategy to dissociate the pain," said Morgan. "For example, one man will imagine himself building a house—from drafting the plans, pouring the foundation, doing the plumbing, the framing, every shingle. As the race ends, he's admiring the landscaping. Another mentally puts on a stack of Beethoven records and runs the whole way to the changing symphonies. Another, whose father was an engineer, becomes a locomotive up Heartbreak Hill."

Morgan thus came to study the finest marathoners with great expectations. None were fulfilled. "Even when I probed, asking, 'Do you have ways of dealing with the discomfort?' they only said things like, 'If I'm feeling bad, I try to push a little harder because the other guy must be worse off.' Not one world-class runner used a strategy to dissociate or distract himself from the pain."

continued



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A related finding was that at 12 mph on the treadmill a control group of good college runners did not read their bodies well. They said they felt less stress than their oxygen consumption and heart rate indicated—until right before they collapsed. By contrast, world-class runners described levels of fatigue that accurately paralleled their physical states.

An explanation for all this, which appeals to runners, is that the imperatives of racing well call for a certain degree of attention to pace, form, tactics, level of fatigue and liquid intake. Anything, including self-deception, that distracts a runner from the task at hand will be a detriment to performance. In its nuances the pain may be saying something that can help win the race. Rather than distract themselves, the best runners learn to listen.

Finally we gathered at Loos Stadium for the six-mile race that, theoretically, would affirm the predictive value of the previous tests. The day was clear and cold. Frank Shorter and I sat out of the wind and decided the psychological variable was the most slippery. "I felt the competitive urge stirring when I got up this morning," he said, looking at the empty stands. "It must have been rolling over to go back to sleep."

Prefontaine originally was not to run, having a hard race a few days later, but after his treadmill performance he chose to do two miles with us as an exhibition. Geis, mournful and anxiety-ridden with a sore knee, did not start.

The first mile was fast, in the vicinity of 4:30. By the time Prefontaine stepped off the track at two miles and the pace slowed, some of us had become aware of another factor that was skewing the predictions: impending diarrhea. At nine laps I leapt the fence, found the men's room under the stands and rejoined Manley and Brown as they completed three miles. At four, Brown dropped out with the same problem. Ahead, the pack ran behind Shorter's pace until Gary Tuttle broke free with a mile and a half to go and won in a creditable 28:00.4, barely ahead of the late charge of Jim Johnson and Don Kardong. Then came Shorter, Galloway, Ndoo and Manley.

And the predictions? Since most of the more sophisticated data couldn't be analyzed in time for the race, the scientists made an informal choice based on maximum oxygen uptake, percentages of body fat, state of training and apparent motivation. Tuttle, who was second only to Prefontaine in consuming oxygen and led us all in leanness with his 1.28% fat, was in fact first choice. Yet, with his first words after he regained his breath, Tuttle cast some doubt on whether his performance was the result of simple physiology. "Dr. Cooper gave me a copy of his aerobics book," he said, "and wrote in it, 'You have the makings of a champion.' I figured he knew what he was talking about. This whole week has been a fantastic confidence builder."

To Galloway it had seemed a long race. "The old Olympians [Shorter, Galloway, Brown, Moore and Manley] didn't do so well today," he said. "It seems like we were worn down more by the week's tests than these hungry guys."

Afterward Prefontaine and I were taken to the home of his host, Ronnie Horowitz, where we were made to sit on a couch and were brought a post-exertion bottle of champagne, cheeses and fruit. We sipped quietly for a while, and then Horowitz said, "It may well be true that the most intelligent and congenial of all athletes are runners."

"You hit the nail right on the head!" cried Prefontaine.

"With certain exceptions."

The huhhles appeared to rise into Prefontaine's nose and he sneezed.

As we dripped and stretched in the Horowitz sauna, I asked Prefontaine whether he had found the study rewarding. "I don't know," he said. "I'd like to come back sometime when I'm in really good shape and put that oxygen uptake mark way out there."

"I guess I meant to ask whether this whole thing was a good idea."

"It was good that the scientists figured Tuttle to do well," Prefontaine said. "They're on the right track. But it's good that there is still room for people to dream, too. I don't know. Science is one thing, but when you're the guinea pig it can get stale pretty fast." He confided that each evening before bed he had been served a split of Veuve Clicquot and a pear or some grapes. Now, after the sauna and a plunge in the icy swimming pool, he would be taken horseback riding and to dinner at the club and fly home the possessor of an Oleg Cassini sweat suit, courtesy of Horowitz. Straight-faced, he said, "This thing sure would have been tough without the hosts." **END**

HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

by Catfish Hunter

You only need one pitch Everybody says you need two, three, four pitches to be in the majnr leagues. That isn't so. One of the best pitchers I know throws nothing but fastballs. Changes speeds on it. A fast nne, then a little off of it, fastball inside, then back away from you...and then he'll throw you a curve ball in the dirt. He keeps you off-stride, looking for that curve ball. But he's not going to throw it for you to hit it. He knows how to set a hitter up.

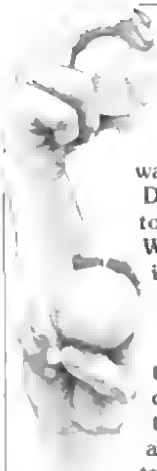
Now, me, I might mix 'em up and throw everything—fastball, breaking ball, change-up. Or just stay with one pitch because I've gnt it right on the corner, right within an inch of where I want it.

I give up a lot of hnme runs because batters know I'm a control pitcher. They know I'm not wild. They stand in there, and if you don't make the right pitch, they're gonna hit it. Ballparks shoot off fireworks after home runs most times. So my old teammates, they started calling me "Boom-Boom."



I tuck my thumb I've only seen one other pitcher hold the ball like I do. See how my thumb's tucked under? That's the way I picked up throwing.

Don't know as I'd tell everyone to hold his thumb that way. What I do tell people, though, is how to handle a curve ball. Most people, they throw it from out here to the side so they get a flat-breaking spinner that's easy to hit because it's curving on the same plane that the guy's swinging his bat. My advice is, *always turn your wrist towards your body*, like in the drawing. That way, your curve ball is going to break like it should...downwards.



Between the hat & the moustache You can have good stuff, but if you don't use your brain, you're not going to win. There's one guy, he's got the best stuff of any pitcher anywhere. But he doesn't win. They tell him, "Just get it across the plate anywhere...they can't hit it." You throw it breaking right down the middle and they're going to hit it! He's not thinking for himself.

I look to see how close the batter's standing to home plate ...things like that. If he stands away from the plate, most times he doesn't like the ball inside. If he's standing back deep, he's trying to wait on a curve ball till after it breaks. And if he's standing up front, he wants to hit the curve ball *before* it breaks, so you throw him all fastballs. Thinking pays off all the time. Like, if he hits the ball, where am I supposed to be? You've got to know when to back-up... some pitchers I know never think to cover first base! A good fielding pitcher can save five games for himself a year.



The secret of pitching I tell kids, the main thing to go for at first is accuracy. I'd pick up rocks when I was a kid and throw them at telephone poles. I'd throw corncobs at my brothers, and they were throwing at me. I wasn't just throwing at nothing; I was always throwing at an object, trying to hit it.

Once you've got your accuracy, don't throw the same speed all the time. That's the secret of pitching right there. Changing speeds. Take a little off here and a little more there...control, that's all you've got to have. It's not any good if your fastball and your curve ball's the same speed. A guy gets the time on it, he's going to hit it.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 19-25

BASKETBALL NBA Boston began pursuit of its 14th league championship by taking a 2-1 lead over Buffalo in their best-of-seven series. John Havlicek suffered an injured left foot as the Celtics won the opening game 107-98. His replacements, Don Nelson and Steve Kuberski, powered the Celtics to a 101-96 victory before Buffalo rebounded at home with a 98-93 triumph as Randy Smith and Bob McAdoo combined for 53 points. Washington ended a four-game home losing streak by tripping Cleveland 109-98 as reserves Clem Haskins and Nick Weatherspoon contributed a total of 41 points, but the Cavaliers, playing before a record playoff crowd of 21,312 back home, nipped the Bullets 92-91 on Jim Cleamons last-second rebound up in it to take a 3-2 series lead. Defending champion Golden State idle for 10 days, split with Detroit at home, winning the opener 127-103 then losing 123-111 as the Pistons Curtis Rowe had 33 points, 10 rebounds, three assists and three steals. The Warriors then ripped the Pistons 113-96 in Detroit. Seattle lost in Phoenix 130-114 to fall behind three games to one, but avoided elimination with a 114-108 win on Sunday.

ABA The semifinals were marked by last second game savers. Ex-Net now Spur Larry Kenon hit two free throws with three seconds left to give San Antonio a 106-105 win over New York that tied their series at 3-3. George Gervin scored 37 points for the Spurs, while Julius Erving had 41 for the Nets, including 31 in the second half. The Nets won the series back home as Rich Jones, whom Coach Kevin Loughery asked to sit out the sixth game because of the abuse he was getting from San Antonio fans and management, repaid Net fans for his warm welcome home by scoring 25 points in a 121-114 victory. Trailing two games to one, Denver dismissed Kentucky 108-106 when Chuck Williams hit a 24-foot jump shot at the buzzer. The Nuggets moved ahead three games to two when rookie Bruce Beck and Gus Gerard fueled a second half blast that fried the Colonels 127-117. Kentucky evened the series at 3-3 by 119-115 double-overtime shootout ferret-ridden Bird Arnold scoring 34 points.

BOXING ALFONSO LOPEZ retained his WBA flyweight championship and won his 24th fight without a loss with a 15-round decision over Shiro Oguma in Tokyo.

GOLF LARRY ZIEGLER shot a 14-under par 274 to beat Sue Regalado by a stroke and win the New Orleans Open.

JAN STEPHENSON won the LPGA Birmingham Classic at the Green Valley Country Club by four strokes over Kathy Martin with a 13-under-par 203.

HOCKEY NHL "If this team needs me to score a goal, then it's in real trouble." So spoke Defenseman Bert Marshall after he tied a goal with only 19 seconds to play in the final period, carried the New York Islanders to a 4-3 victory over Buffalo *(page 70)*. The Islanders then eliminated the Sabres with a 3-2 win and now meet the Montreal Canadiens in the semifinals. Philadelphia and Toronto matched home-ice victories. Don Saleski's hat trick shooting the Flyers and Darryl Sittler's record tying five goals powering the Maple Leafs before the Flyers won the penalty-marred series with a 7-3 triumph in the seventh game. Referee Wally Harris called a record 185 penalty minutes in the sixth game at Toronto, and one minute Flyer was charged with assault. Bob (Hound) Kelly, whose airborne glove allegedly struck usherette Jan Brown, the wife of NHL Linesman John Brown, who did not work the game. Boston and Los Angeles also swapped homeice victories before the Bruins beat the Kings 3-0 Sunday night to win the playoff. They now play the Flyers.

WHA Playing for the first time in 15 days, Houston defeated San Diego 8-6 in the opening game of the U.S. Divisions best-of-seven semifinals as Rich Preston, Gordon Labossiere and Terry Ruskowski each scored two first-period goals. The Aeros then beat the Mariners 3-1 for their 12th straight playoff victory and flying to San Diego, they took a commanding 3-0 series lead as Don Larwa scored three goals in an 8-4 runaway victory. In the other U.S. semifinal, New England took a 3-2 series lead over Indianapolis with 3-0 and 2-1 victories at home in Hartford but Goaltender Jim Park blinked the Whalers 4-1 back in Indianapolis as the Racers fought off elimination. In the Canadian finals, WHA President Ben Hatskin lifted the suspension of Calgary Coach Joe Crozier (SI, April 26) but the Winnipeg Jets retained Crozier's interim boss Ron Ingram for the series.

SOCCER NASL Before a league record home opener crowd of 35,632 in Tampa, the Rowdies clipped the Chicago Stings 2-1 as Rodney Marsh scored a goal and got an assist. Mike Stojanovic's two unassisted goals led Rochester past the San Diego Jaws 3-2. Vancouver then whipped the Jaws again 3-1. Toronto downed Miami 1-0. St. Louis stopped Philadelphia 3-1, the Dallas Tornado blitzed the San Antonio Thunder 7-0, and San Jose defeated Minnesota 4-2 as Ilja Mitic, the league's all-time leading scorer, had two goals.

ASL Featuring a new Western Division with teams in Tacoma, Sacramento, Oakland, Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, the ASL played to an average attendance of 3,414, up 1,900 from 1975 as it opened its 43rd season. Sacramento beat Tacoma 1-0, while Oakland and Los Angeles played to a 1-1 tie. Back East, goals by Vito Colonna and Ron Oliver carried Cleveland past Chicago 2-1, and Connecticut downed Rhode Island 2-1.

TRACK & FIELD JACK FULTZ, a 27-year-old Georgetown senior, withstood 90° temperatures to win the 80th running of the Boston Marathon in 2:20:19.

At the Mt. San Antonio College Relays in Walnut, Calif., MAC WILKINS set a world record by throwing the discus 257 feet, breaking John Powell's 1975 record by four inches. In the women's competition, Canada's DEBBIE BRILL, 23, cleared 6 ft. 3¾" to upset Joni Huntley in the high jump. At the Penn Relays in Philadelphia, TENNESSEE's 800-meter team (LAMAR PRYOR, RONNIE HARRIS, JEROME MORGAN and REGGIE JONES) beat Kentucky, State in 1:21.5, tying the world record set by the Italian national team in 1972. At the Drake Relays in Des Moines, BRUCE JENNER, 26, scored 8,550 points to win the decathlon for the second straight year *(page 14)*.

MILEPOSTS ARRAIGNED President of the NHL, CLARENCE CAMPBELL, 70, and four associates in Ottawa, on charges alleging influence peddling and conspiracy to defraud the Canadian government in connection with the extension of a lease on an airport duty-free shop. Campbell and the others were each released on $100,000 bond.

HIRED TOM NISSALKE, 41, as coach of the Houston Rockets, replacing JOHN EGAN, who was fired after a 40-42 season. Nissalke previously coached the Seattle SuperSonics, the San Antonio Spurs and the Utah Stars.

REINSTATED By the International Amateur Athletic Federation JOAN WENZEL, Canadian 800-meter runner who lost her bronze medal and received a life suspension because of a technical drug infraction at the 1975 Pan American Games. Also lifted were bans on Bulgarian discus thrower YELENA VELEV and Rumanian shot-putter VALENTINA CIOLTAN, both of whom had taken steroids during the European Cup meet last summer. Secretary-Treasurer Fred Holder said the IAAF believed it had made its point that drastic action will be taken against drug usage.

DIED MIKE HOLE, 35, English-born jockey who came to the U.S. in 1965, an apparent suicide, at Jones Beach, N.Y. During his racing career Hole had 5,042 winning mounts and won purses worth $13,520,479.

DIED KARL SCHAFER, 67, seven-time world figure-skating champion and the Olympic gold medalist in 1932 and 1936, in Vienna.

CREDITS

[illegible] 14, 15 [illegible] 16, 17 [illegible] 18, 19 [illegible] 26 [illegible] 42, 43 [illegible] 63 [illegible] 70 [illegible] 76, 77 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



GILBERTO CASTILLA, 17, of Silver Spring, Md., a senior forward, captained the undefeated Montgomery Blair High soccer team to the state championship. Castilla also won back-to-back state wrestling championships and compiled a 110-4-1 career record.



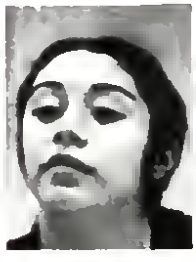
JOY KIRKLAND, 25, coached Tallahassee's Alfred B. Maclay Jr. Day School girls' volleyball team to the Class A Florida High School Activities Association state title. Kirkland also led the Maclay girls basketball team to the Class A Florida state championship.



MURRAY OANFORTH, 22, a senior fly half, scored 28 of the Brown rugby team's 67 points as the Bruins defeated Yale, Columbia and Dartmouth to win a third consecutive Ivy League championship and permanently retire the Stephen McClellan Trophy.



NEAL McDONNELL, 36, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., set a Masters age-group (35-39) record of 28.1 for the 50-yard backstroke in Philadelphia. Named to the Masters All-America team, McDonnell also holds 200-yard and 50-meter backstroke age-group records.



DONNA SOUTHWICK, 19, of Linn-Benton Community College in Albany, Ore., swept the National Junior College Women's Gymnastics championship. Southwick placed first in every event and scored 33.50 points as Linn-Benton took the team title.



JOHN HOLLAND, 17, pitched two perfect games in three starts for South Florence (S.C.) High, striking out 43 of 59 batters. In five games Holland has permitted only five hits in 33 innings. He was selected Player of the Month by the Mid-Atlantic Coaches Association.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

JOCKS FOR JESUS

Sir:

Congratulations to Frank Deford on his discerning article *Religion in Sport* (April 19). Malcolm Boyd is right, of course, for what Deford describes is not so much religion in sport as religion in America. This is painfully obvious in this Bicentennial year as we put our national flag in the hand of the Almighty.

It is not, however, a simple case of black and white but one of shades of gray. Religion must be expressed in the vernacular if it is to be relevant and not hopelessly ethereal. Three cheers for keeping the message "simple," for not trucking with "intellectualizing" but appealing to the "gut." I look forward to the final two articles.

THE REV. JAMES W. MORRIS
Pastor
St. John's United Church of Christ
Shamokin, Pa.

Sir:

Your cover line "Sport Gets Religion" is apt in the same manner that one might say the Roman Empire "got" religion by ostensibly adopting Christianity as a state religion while subverting it to its own uses.

I, for one, have viewed with horror the subversion of religion for their own purposes by those who have also given us the "winning is the only thing" philosophy that pervades sport from the youth leagues through the professional leagues.

Jesus does indeed have much to say to each of us about our daily lives. But those who seek to bless the status quo by invoking His name do us all a disservice. He did indeed win, but He never asked to win. He feared (Luke 19.41) what awaited Him in Jerusalem and He turned to God, who gave Him the power to endure what came upon Him. In the end Jesus won (and through Him so do we all) but His life was one of ministering to losers, to whom He showed unfailing love and understanding.

Would that those who profess His name in the sports world attempt to emulate Jesus rather than blacklist coaches for nonmembership in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Thank you for Frank Deford's series.

THE REV. WILLIAM G. HILES JR.
Nashville

Sir:

I was reminded of a quote in a Kenny Moore article several years ago that went something like "God likes only the strong." I was also reminded of many of my own coaches who appealed to Jesus before pleading for violence and destruction on the field. I find a great gulf between knowing a religion and living it. I don't understand how a Master of kindness, compassion and peace can fit into football.

Thanks to Frank Deford for raising questions about this movement. I am a Christian, but I feel the Christian religion is being prostituted.

JON STINE
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

Frank Deford presents a provocative but fair picture of the "Christian Movement" in sport. However, I take exception to his criticism of "Sportianity" for failing to take action against the athletic Establishment for its "excesses and abuses."

The Lord Jesus Christ teaches us that the root of all immorality lies in the sinful nature of man, and that the one way to overcome this sinful nature is to turn to Him. Fulminating against the dishonest and unethical practices of athletes, managers and owners would be treating the symptoms rather than the disease. The cure for the conditions described by Deford cannot be effected with rhetoric and criticism. It must start in the hearts of the individual athletes. I hope that is what much of Sportianity is all about.

STEVE SIMPSON
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

Even though Paul seems to endorse athletics in 1 Corinthians 9.24, the next verse (9:25) was left out. Together they read: "You know that while all the runners in the stadium take part in the race, the award goes to one man. In that case, run so as to win! Athletes deny themselves all sorts of things. They do this to win a crown of leaves that withers, but we a crown that is imperishable" (New American Bible).

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes will be established in our high school soon, probably by next fall. As for myself, I want to join not to increase my dedication to athletics but to increase my devotion to Christ. Sport is fine as a career, just as is nursing, teaching, garbage collecting or whatever. Each one of us has talents to be expanded and used during his lifetime. But one's own talents are not the source of salvation, or an imperishable crown.

MONICA NEAL
Flandreau, S. Dak.

Sir:

Most teams of Catholic schools pray before any athletic contest. In the late '40s, when Joe Judge was baseball coach at Georgetown University, I was the base umpire at a game against Fordham, another Jesuit school of higher learning.

Both teams prayed in the same manner before the game. After regulation play, the game was tied at 2-2, so extra innings were played. Finally, Georgetown was the winner, and I pondered the results.

I consulted with the plate umpire and said, "Both teams prayed before the game. How did God determine the winner?"

My colleague replied, "When you were not looking, Georgetown prayed again."

HENRY GICHNER
Washington

Sir:

"He was a winner!" says the new religion-in-athletics movement of Jesus, but by the movement's own standards a "winner" He definitely was not. He was born, lived and died in poverty. He was regarded by the Establishment—especially the religious Establishment—of His day as a weirdo, a freak. He was executed with two common criminals, having been deserted by His friends.

If it is not downright blasphemy to use an athletic metaphor to summarize His life, I will opt for the presumably corny and outdated dictum of Grantland Rice that it matters "not that you won or lost—but how you played the game."

THOMAS N. LONGSTRETH
Brooklandville, Md.

Sir:

I am the world's most unathletic person. People laughingly ask me why I bother subscribing to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. The answer is simple: for fun, for enough sports savvy to keep me from total humiliation at the office and for articles of such unparalleled quality as Frank Deford's *Religion in Sport*. Absolutely superb.

GAIL K. O'HARE
Minneapolis

SUN DEVILS

Sir:

Floyd Bannister's pitching exploits and Ken Phelps' clutch hitting, as recounted in Jim Kaplan's article on the Arizona State baseball team (*A Devil of a Series*, April 19), come as no surprise. The last chapter of my book *Champions of the Babe Ruth League* (Julian Messner, 1975) confirms that both

continued

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were considered bright major league prospects when they were teammates on a Seattle Babe Ruth League club. At the time I wrote, "Floyd Bannister had pitched a perfect no-hitter in Sectional play, fanning 17 in the process. . . . Seattle also boasted a .620 hitter in first baseman Ken Phelps."

In that Tournament of Champions series, played in 1973 at Monroe, N.C., Seattle was eliminated in the semifinals. However, the MVP of the series was Bannister, who appeared in four games (starting and relieving), pitched 19 innings, allowed 13 hits and 11 walks and fanned 25 batters.

HOWARD LISS

New York City

Sir:

You could at least have mentioned that Floyd Bannister's one loss this season came last month against defending national champion Texas in a four-game series in which the two perennial national powers each won two games.

ROBERT G. WATTS JR.

Austin, Texas

FOUR-FINGER BROWN

Sir:

I enjoyed H. R. Coursen's poem *American Pastime* (SCORECARD, April 12), but I have one correction to make. Mordecai (Three Finger) Brown did not get his nickname because he had only three fingers on his throwing hand, as Coursen believes. Brown had four fingers on that hand; he lost only his right index finger in a boyhood accident. The nickname refers to the number of digits Brown actually used while pitching, namely his thumb and his middle and ring fingers. Trivia lives.

RON JAPHA

Stamford, Conn.

BLASÉ BROWN

Sir:

Upon reading your article *A Good Naben Gets Gunned Down* (April 5) on the NCAA swim meet at Brown University, we were amused at Jerry Kirshenbaum's reference to Brown as a "blase" Ivy League campus. Even while immersed in academia, the Brown campus does find enjoyment in spectator sports. If Kirshenbaum had looked, he would have found Brown mentioned among the top four teams in soccer and hockey. He could also have noted the Brown pep rally before the Ivy League championship Brown-Harvard football game.

STEVE DICKSTEIN
ROBERT KRALSZ

Providence

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